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Vol. IX. Richmond, Va., July and August, 1881. Nos. 7 and 8.

Kirby Smith's Kentucky Campaign.

BY MAJOR PAUL F. HAMMOND.—PAPER No. 3.

The next day—Sunday—the army remained in the vicinity of Richmond, and the day was occupied in paroling prisoners, burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. In this the Federals were given every facility, and treated with consideration and humanity. The able and humane medical director of our army, Dr. S. A. Smith, of Louisiana, offered their surgeons an equal share in the hospitals and hospital stores. In every respect, by officers and by privates, the prisoners were treated with greatest courtesy. In the main they appreciated it, and conducted themselves very well. But one instance, a piece of "sharp practice" occurred, worthy of notice, as illustrating the absurd and lying boastfulness of a large portion of the Northern press in this war, and, at the same time, the low cunning which has made the name Yankee, in a certain sense odious, and only another synonym for trickery and treachery the world over. Early in the engagement at Mount Zion, Captain Freret, a young gentleman from New Orleans, attached to General Smith's staff, succeeded in capturing, unaided, three privates, with loaded muskets in their hands, and Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong, of Ohio.

Armstrong rode a fine stallion, which, in acknowledgment of his gallantry, General Smith permitted Freret, who happened to be without a good horse, to keep for his own service. On Sunday, after Armstrong was paroled, he appealed to Freret to lend him the horse, stating that many of the wounded of his regiment had been left upon the battle field, and he was anxious to see that they were properly cared for. This appeal, of course, could not be resisted. Again on Monday Armstrong appealed for the horse on the same grounds, and Freret again readily complied. But Armstrong, instead of returning to the battle field with his parole and written permission from Freret to use the horse, deliberately and in perfect safety rode away to Ohio. In short, he stole the horse, which had been lent to him in kindness, and for purposes of charity. A few days subsequently an article appeared in a Cincinnati paper, headed "A Full Flight to Death," and giving a glowing account of Armstrong's audacity and desperate escape.

On the morning of the first of September, the army advanced towards Lexington. A regiment of the enemy was drawn up on the high bluffs across the Kentucky river, apparently to dispute its passage. The position was very strong, and had it been defended with any obstinacy, would have been found difficult to force. But the Federals ran away at the first fire. Beyond the river a strong cavalry force appeared in our front, watching us closely, but keeping carefully out of range.

The troops seemed now to feel fully the effects of their arduous labors for the past fortnight, and straggled badly. Four miles beyond the river, though but little past noon, it was found necessary to halt the army on account of its exhausted condition. The enemy retreated before us only fast enough to keep out of the way. It was thought that they had been reinforced, but to what extent it was found impossible to ascertain, on account of the cavalry which covered their rear.

Near where we halted General Smith was heartily welcomed by an old gentleman, Mr. Todhunter, a wealthy farmer and an ardent sympathiser with the Confederate cause. His joy at seeing us was extreme, and he insisted that General Smith should accept the hospitalities of his house, an old brick mansion near by, and establish his headquarters there. Seeing that a refusal would mortify our old friend, General Smith, contrary to his usual custom, accepted the invitation. While seated at dinner, one of Mr. Todhunter's sons, deaf and dumb, but a bitter hater of Yankee rule, entered the room in an excited manner, and pointed at our dark-blue pants—treasurers obtained from the sutlers' stores captured at Loudon—and then out into the fields, seemed to intimate, by his violent gestures and vehement guttural utterances, that

some great danger menaced us. His meaning, translated by one of the family, was that a large force of the enemy's cavalry had entered the fields on the left, approaching the house, from which they were now but a short distance. This was startling news, and rising hastily from the table, we buckled on our swords and pistols, while Pegram went out to reconnoitre. It was just such a dash as a spirited and enterprising cavalry officer might have made. Much to our relief it proved to be Scott's cavalry, who, also, had obtained blue suits from the captured stores. An order was issued that day prohibiting the soldiers from wearing blue uniforms.

Mr. Todhunter had five sons, three with him, all warm Southern men, another a prisoner at Camp Chase, on account of his Southern proclivities, while the fifth was as strongly attached to the Union cause. Thus did we often find families divided in Kentucky.

We were now barely eight miles from Lexington. Visitors at Mr. Todhunter's had been in the town that morning, and they all concurred in saying that the enemy were rapidly receiving reinforcements. This, together with the great value of Lexington and the rich country of which it is the metropolis, left little reason to believe that the enemy would retire without another struggle. Our situation was a little precarious. The soldiers had straggled so badly that, at this time, not more than 2,500 men could have been placed in line of battle. General Smith immediately sent to General Heth, who had reached Richmond, directing him to unload his wagons, put as many men on them as possible, and send them to him. That officer responded with such alacrity that by 8 o'clock the next morning 2,000 men had come to our assistance. In the meanwhile, more for the purpose of gaining time than anything else, Colonel Pegram was sent to demand the surrender of Lexington. To his surprise, he found no pickets, and with much difficulty, late as it was in the night and the citizens all abed, found anyone of whom to demand the surrender. Finally he reached the Mayor, who formally surrendered the town, which had been evacuated the preceding afternoon. As soon as the tidings of this event reached General Smith, he dispatched a regiment to Lexington as a police guard and to take charge of whatever military stores had been left.

As we rode forward in the morning the scene was lovely beyond description—a brilliant river and fresh sweet atmosphere; a long rolling landscape, mellowing under the early Autumn rays, but still covered with luxuriant blue grass, intersected with numerous low stone fences crossing each other at right angles, and studded with brick mansions and little whitened outhouses also of brick, with gray plastered

chimneys, flocks of sheep, the fine bred horses and immense cattle browsing on the pastures or lying under the stately trees, the air of quiet and of order, the evidences of neat and substantial comfort and of wealth reminded us of pictures of English rural scenery.

"Where is your boasted blue-grass country" we had been asking the Kentuckians with us with some impatience, and at last not without doubt of its reality. "Wait," our friends replied, "you will be satisfied after a little." Divided almost by a line from the fertile but old and rather dilapidated region which succeeds the rugged mountains of south-east Kentucky, and stretches from the foot of Big Hill around Richmond and across the Kentucky river to about the neighborhood of Mr. Todhunter, where the lovely blue grass country burst upon our sight, we were astonished and enchanted—every expectation met and every fancy filled. We were again among not only a civilized but a highly cultured people, and the most of those we met along the roads were friends. And when we entered the town—not, indeed, in our tattered uniforms, with all the pomp and circumstances of war, but with a just pride in the achievements of our gallant chieftain and his brave army—the people collected in crowds in the streets and cheered us with enthusiasm. But we could not fail to notice, even then, that the crowds gathered to greet us were composed for the most part of women and children. The men, the bone and sinew of the land, the substantial property holders, even those who sincerely sympathized with the Confederate cause, with a few honorable exceptions, held cautiously aloof, while the Union men, the most violent of whom ran away at our approach, kept closely in their houses.

Our movement into the State had clearly proved, as anticipated, a surprise to both parties, and allowed time to neither to determine exactly how to receive us. Mr. John Clay, an Union man, calling at the house of his brother, the Hon. James B. Clay, a Secessionist, on the afternoon of the day of the battle of Richmond, the conversation turned upon Scott's raid, and the fight then supposed to be going on in the neighborhood of Richmond. James B. Clay, influenced more by his hopes and wishes, than by any facts on which to found such an opinion, expressed the conviction that it was no raid, but a grand movement of the Confederate forces to occupy and redeem the State of Kentucky. Mr. John Clay replied, that he had just come from Lexington, where he had been in consultation with the Hon. J. J. Crittenden and Governor Robinson, and that he would lay a wager that it was nothing but a raid, and that Scott was already defeated and driven beyond Big Hill. This proves the completeness of the surprise.

The objective point of the campaign had now been reached. With nine thousand men General Smith crossed the Cumberland mountains in the face of a superior force, and over roads considered impracticable for artillery and wagons. Finding that the Federal General, Morgan, would not come out from his impregnable position at Cumberland Gap, with less than six thousand of his command, he boldly advanced into the heart of Kentucky by difficult roads, through a hostile population, and a country destitute of supplies and almost destitute of water. Near Richmond he engaged the enemy, nearly double his own numbers, and defeated and destroyed his army, capturing five thousand three hundred prisoners, nine cannon, nearly ten thousand stand of small arms, and numbers of wagons and mules, and munitions of all kinds. Then pressing rapidly forward, he drove him to the Ohio river, and seized and occupied his chief depot, Lexington, the second city in Kentucky, and the metropolis of the most populous and productive portion of the State. More than this, it was General Smith's success which forced Buell to evacuate his strong positions in Tennessee and fall back upon Nashville, thus enabling General Bragg, by rapid marches, to get between him and Louisville, and compel him to give battle in the open field with a retreating army. Thus in the enormous fruits by which success was followed, as well as in conception and execution, is this campaign entitled to rank among the really brilliant campaigns of modern war. Let but General Bragg accomplish, as there is good prospect of his doing, the overthrow of Buell's army, and Kentucky is secured—Grant must evacuate North Mississippi and come to the defence of the line of the Ohio, while Van Dorn, crossing with his army into Arkansas, might soon be able, with the assistance of the troops already there, to drive the Federals from Missouri, and re-occupy every inch of Southern territory.

If the accomplishment of all this was not looked forward to with entire confidence, it was, at least, regarded as possible, and even probable.

How these brilliant prospects faded away and came to nought, how these promises of the future finally sunk in gloom and disaster, it is now my province to show; and this I trust to do by a circumstantial narration of events—censuring no one, but allowing the blame, if there be any, to rest wherever the inexorable logic of facts may justly place it.

When we entered Lexington, General Smith's campaign, as originally conceived, was accomplished. All that was at first intended had been achieved, more easily, more fully, and with more complete success than

could have been anticipated. It was now necessary to plan anew. Since leaving Barboursville no communication had been received from General Bragg, and the positions of his army and of Buell's were unknown. Marshall was believed to have entered Kentucky by the Pound Gap route, but no accurate information could be obtained of his movements. Brigadier-General John Morgan entered Lexington soon after our arrival, having destroyed the tunnel on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, thus rendering that road of little value to the enemy. General Heth came up with reinforcements, raising the effective strength of the army to 11,000 men, exclusive of Morgan's and Scott's cavalry.

This was the state of affairs at the time that it was necessary for General Smith to decide upon the course he intended to pursue. Louisville, defended by only a few regiments of raw troops, would, it is probable, have succumbed easily to an attack. Cincinnati might have been shelled from the opposite side of the river, and, as proposed by some, laid under contribution. But Morgan, with a force nearly equal to our own, was still in our rear, and large quantities of arms and stores, invaluable to the Confederacy, were accumulating at Lexington. Louisville, it is true, filled, as it was believed to be, with the enemy's supplies, offered a tempting object. Undoubtedly, its capture would have exerted an excellent moral effect upon the people of Kentucky. But the positions of Bragg and Buell being unknown, it was by no means certain that the latter, abandoning his heavy artillery, baggage trains, &c., might not be able to throw an overwhelming force against Louisville before the former could overtake him. Morgan, also, eluding Stevenson, who was watching him from the other side of Cumberland Gap, and gaining two days the start, might pass through Lexington, destroying the stores there, and make his escape to Cincinnati. Altogether, the enterprise was very hazardous, and, although promising much, did not offer any of those decisive results for which alone great risks should be incurred. The movement against Cincinnati, unable as we were to cross the river, was rather sensational than really useful. General Smith finally determined to keep a part of his forces in the neighborhood of Lexington, and to send General Heth with the remainder to threaten Cincinnati, for the purpose of preventing the concentration of the enemy at Louisville. In the light of subsequent events the movement against Louisville may appear clearly to have been the one which should have been adopted; but in the doubt which then involved everything, in the entire absence of information with regard to our forces, as well as those of the enemy in the rear, the course

adopted by General Smith was undoubtedly the most prudent, and will, it is believed, stand the test of criticism.

Establishing his headquarters at Lexington, General Smith addressed himself vigorously to the discharge of the many duties incumbent upon him. Orders were issued for the collection of large amounts of supplies of every description. Corn could be bought at \$1.50 per barrel, and wheat at \$1.00 per bushel; bacon was abundant at seven cents per pound in Federal currency, but rose rapidly. All purchasable quartermaster's stores in Lexington were bought up, and large contracts made with the woollen factories for cloth. Confederate treasury notes were our only currency, and it was necessary to force the people to take them to an extent adequate to the purchase of indispensable supplies. In general, articles were immediately enhanced in price more than enough to make up the difference between the Federal and Confederate currencies. In the North gold was at 22 pr. c. premium, in the South at 75 pr. c. An order was issued compelling the merchants to open their stores and accept Confederate money for such things as the soldiers might desire to purchase. This was forcing the currency beyond what was absolutely necessary, and doubtless, operated to depreciate it. At all events, it did not seem to gain much upon the confidence of the people. If the government had furnished General Smith with a few hundred thousand dollars in gold it could have been used advantageously, and with great benefit to the cause. Parties were sent in all directions to collect United States Government property, principally horses and mules, which had been left in all quarters. There was not at this time sufficient fixed ammunition in reserve to supply one battery. Major Brown, Chief of Ordinance, set to work energetically to supply this deficiency. Authority was issued to various persons to raise companies, battalions and regiments. It was unfortunate that depots of supplies were not established, at once, at Richmond, and at Danville, and as soon as Morgan evacuated Cumberland Gap, at Loudon. Orders were sent to this effect by General Bragg some time after he entered the State, but too late to accomplish anything at all adequate to what proved to be our necessities. Military commissions were established, and discipline vigorously maintained.

It was to be decided in what manner the Union men in Kentucky, who had persecuted those who sympathised with the Confederate cause, were to be treated. At their instigation Federal commanders had taken the property of secessionists, and seized and imprisoned their persons, or driven them into exile. The helpless families of those who had joined the Southern armies were constantly insulted, and often seriously in-

jured. All this had not failed of its legitimate fruit—bitter hatreds and an intense desire for revenge—and now the tables were turned and the opportunity apparently offered. It was fortunate that so few Kentuckians were in our army, and that it was not commanded by a Kentuckian. It would have been next to impossible for him to have refused to adopt a retaliatory policy, which the returned Kentuckians urged with almost one voice, or to limit the extent to which it would have been carried. General Smith wisely and humanely adopted a moderate policy. The persons and property of Union men were scrupulously respected and protected. If, as sometimes, though rarely, happened, a soldier took anything from a Union man, immediately, upon application to the proper authorities, the property was restored and the offender brought to trial and punishment. As an instance of the just and liberal policy pursued—a physician, an Union man, claimed a case of surgical instruments which had been captured with the Federal stores, alleging that they had been forcibly taken from him by a Federal surgeon, and, upon proof of the allegation, received it. No army ever conducted itself with greater propriety; no commander ever acquired a higher reputation for justice and humanity. The excellent effects of this gentle policy were soon manifest. The Union men came from their houses, mingling freely with us, and extending many acts of courtesy. They readily admitted the superiority of our soldiers over the Federals, and declared that even the privates in the ranks seemed to be gentlemen in bearing and intelligence, as, in fact, for the most part they were. They had been led to believe, even the more intelligent among them, that we were little better than savages, and manifested great surprise in finding us so very different.

On the other hand, the Southern men did not rally very rapidly to our standards. They had not expected us, and could not, for a long time, comprehend our victory and occupation. They had borne the Federal yoke so long, and with so little hope of relief, that at last they came to wear it patiently. Reading only Federal papers and hearing only Federal orators, they were forced to believe in the great preponderance of Federal power. They were, in reality, subjugated. The adventurous spirits were already in the Southern ranks; there were no leaders; they had not studied the great questions at issue so thoroughly as we had; their sympathies were certainly with us, but they could not see very clearly that their interests were also. Thus situated, it could not be expected that they would be prepared to rise in arms at a moment's notice. Those who anticipated otherwise based their calculations upon an erroneous estimate of human nature. In time, as their doubts

cleared away, the people would have come to us, which is proved by the fact that the volunteering was improving when we left the State.

At first the universal desire was to enlist in the calvary, but General Smith, being well supplied with that arm of the service, gave permission for the enlistment of but one regiment, which was afterwards increased to a brigade. General Morgan was authorized to add a regiment to his command; which he did quickly. General Buford succeeded in raising parts of five regiments, which were organized into a brigade, and some volunteers were received by General Marshall, making in all from 3,000 to 4,000 Kentuckians who joined the Southern standards.

The Advance on Washington in 1864.

LETTER FROM GENERAL J. A. EARLY.

To the Editor of the Republican:

That writers on the Federal or Union side in the late war between the States, should continue to magnify the numbers in the Confederate armies on all occasions is perhaps natural, as in this they but follow the example of their commanding generals. They cannot conceive how it was possible that Confederate leaders should have undertaken to confront the immense numbers of the United States armies with such slender forces as they in fact commanded, and it may be observed that the very highest eulogies on the prowess of our armies are to be found in these persistent exaggerations of our strength by our adversaries. It is not surprising, therefore, that a writer in *The National Republican*, whose article has been specially brought to my notice with the request that I furnish my version of the facts, should very greatly exaggerate the strength of the force with which I made the advance on Washington in July, 1864. The wild state of alarm and consternation into which my advance threw the authorities, civil and military, at the Federal Capital, as well as the whole population of Washington, as depicted by this writer and given in contemporaneous accounts, was such as to utterly disqualify any of them for forming anything like a correct estimate of my strength; but it is a little strange that at this late day one who has undertaken to publish in a journal printed at the seat of Government an account of my demonstration in front of the defenses of Washington, should not have deemed it proper to consult any authentic document from the Federal authorities as to the condition of things in those defenses when that demonstration was made.

In 1871 the report of General J. G. Barnard "On the Defenses of Washington" was published at the Government Printing Office, and in it he gives a full account of the condition of those defenses and of the armament and troops within them from the beginning of the war, including the period of my advance upon and presence in front of them. General Barnard was the engineer officer who had the principal control of the construction of those defenses, and was present in them when my advance was made; and it is to be presumed that he has given an accurate statement as to their condition and the forces within them at the time, though he seems to have so far shared the general panic as not to be able to form a correct estimate of the strength of the force threatening the Federal City. An accurate account of my advance upon and operations in front of Washington is given in a publication made by me in 1867, entitled "A Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence in the Confederate States of America," the operations in front of Washington being described on pages 56-62. Those operations are also the subject of two articles published by me in the *Southern Magazine* (Baltimore, Md.), June, 1871, and June, 1872, the first being in reply to some criticisms by John Esten Cooke, and the last in reference to General Barnard's report. Those publications give fully and accurately the facts in regard to my operations in front of Washington, as well as my strength, and I could add nothing of interest to them. The writer in *The Republican* begins his article by saying: "Toward the latter part of June, 1864, General Lee finding that he was being steadily and surely hemmed in by the Union army, under General Grant, resorted to an expedient which, when tried two years earlier, had resulted in relieving him from a state of siege. Early was sent up through the Shenandoah Valley to threaten the National Capital." It is a little singular that it did not occur to this writer that if General Lee was being so steadily and surely hemmed in as he supposes, he could have spared from his army so large a detachment as I am represented to have carried across the Potomac to the front of Washington.

This writer further says: "As already stated, the enemy appeared in force in close proximity to the northern defenses of Washington upon the morning of July 11; but small bodies of the invaders had been observed as early as the morning of the day previous"—that is, on the morning of the 10th. My advance, a small body of cavalry, arrived for the first time in front of the defenses about noon of the 11th, and I followed this advance in person, arriving in sight of the defenses a little after noon. The main body of my command did not get up until

some two or three hours later. If any of my men were observed in front of the defenses on the morning of the 10th, it was only in the imagination of men whose vision was distorted by fright. On the morning of that day I moved from the Monocacy, the scene of the fight of the day before, and had then to march thirty-five miles to reach Washington. My cavalry advance reached Rockville on the afternoon of that day, and there encountered a body of United States cavalry, which it drove away encamping for the night at that place, some twelve or fifteen miles from Washington. My infantry encamped about four miles from Rockville, toward the Monocacy. General Barnard in his report says: "About eleven A. M., July 11, 1864, the signal officer at Fort Reno observed clouds of dust and army wagons moving from the direction of Rockville toward Blair's farm, on the Seventh street road. Notice was promptly given General McCook, and all available troops were concentrated in the rifle trenches on either side of Fort De Russey." He also says: "A short time before noon Captain Berry, commanding his company, Eighth Illinois cavalry, sent a messenger to General McCook, notifying him that the enemy was moving with artillery, cavalry, and infantry from Rockville in the direction of Silver Spring. About noon a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers came in sight, advancing upon Fort Stevens, where General McCook was in command in person." (Pages 114, 115). This body of skirmishers consisted of the cavalry advance, which dismounted and drove the enemy's skirmishers into the works. The writer in *The Republican* says: "It had been pretty accurately ascertained that Early and Breckinridge had with them in the vicinity of at least 30,000 veteran soldiers, and some estimated the number as high as 45,000. Opposed to them Generals McCook and Augur (the latter military governor of Washington) were unable to to array over *five thousand men of all arms*, many of whom were little better than raw recruits, having no knowledge of warfare, and not a few of the remainder (belonging to the Veteran Reserve Corps) so badly crippled by wounds or disease as to be unfitted for active service in the field."

I was in command of the whole force, and my command consisted of what was left of the Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, with two battalions of artillery, of three batteries each, attached to it; Breckinridge's division of infantry of three small brigades, four small brigades of cavalry, and a small battalion of artillery attached to Breckinridge's command. According to the field-returns of the Army of Northern Virginia of April 20, 1864, the latest before the commencement of the campaign, from the Wilderness to James River, the

Second Corps (Ewell's) had present for duty 1,374 officers and 15,705 enlisted men, making an aggregate of 17,079, as shown by a statement copied from the returns in the Archive Office at Washington by Col. Walter H. Taylor, and given in his "Four Years with Gen. Lee," page 176. That corps had been engaged in the heaviest of the fighting from the Wilderness to James river, and on the 12th of May nearly one entire division (Johnson's) had been captured. The other divisions had suffered very heavy losses, and there had been no accessions to the corps, except in the return of a small brigade of my own division and two regiments of Rodes's, which had been detached. When I was detached from General Lee's army the whole corps did not amount to 9,000 effectives. At Lynchburg I found Breckinridge with his small division of infantry, with which was serving a small part of a brigade of cavalry which had been dismounted. There were also with him four small brigades of cavalry and a battalion of artillery. The greater part of the cavalry had been with W. E. Jones in his defeat by Hunter at Piedmont, in the Valley, and was very much disorganized and demoralized. None of it belonged to the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, but it had been for the most part on service in Western Virginia and East Tennessee. It was not armed as cavalry proper, but had for its armament almost exclusively Enfield rifles. It was, in fact, nothing more than mounted infantry. My very rapid march from Lynchburg in pursuit of Hunter, and then down the Valley and across the Potomac, had caused a considerable number of the infantry to be left behind from inability to keep up, as my men were very badly shod. I had left an officer with a small command at Winchester to collect the stragglers, and on my return to the Valley, after the advance on Washington, I found that something over fifteen hundred stragglers had been collected at Winchester. Moreover, I had sustained a loss of some seven or eight hundred men in killed and wounded in some slight actions in the Valley before crossing the Potomac, and in the fight at the Monocacy. The force of infantry with which I moved on Washington did not, therefore, exceed eight thousand muskets, if it reached that number. In the three battalions of artillery I had nine batteries, neither of which had more than four field-pieces, and some of them not that many. Besides these there were one or two batteries of horse artillery, with the cavalry, the entire number of field-pieces in all the artillery not exceeding forty. Much the largest brigade of cavalry had been detached at Frederick on the expedition that threatened Baltimore and cut the railroads and telegraph between that city and Washington and Philadelphia. Some idea of my strength at the time of the advance on

Washington may be formed from the return for the 31st of August, 1864, given by Colonel Taylor in his book, page 178. This, I presume, is the earliest return on file in the Archive Office after I was detached, and is as follows:

Breckinridge's division (total effective).....	2,104
Rodes's division (total effective).....	3,013
Gordon's division (total effective)...	2,544
Ramseur's division (total effective).....	1,909
Aggregate.....	9,570

The strength of the cavalry and artillery is not given, but both could not have exceeded 3,000. By this time all the stragglers had rejoined me, and some of those wounded in the campaign from the Wilderness had returned to their regiments. General Barnard, in his report, page 121, has made an estimate of my strength on what he calls "circumstantial evidence," by which he makes my force amount to 22,420 in front of Washington. In order to ascertain this number he assumes my regiments of infantry at ninety-nine, and then assumes that each regiment numbered 180 men and officers. I have before me a printed roster of our armies, compiled at the Archive Office at Washington, which gives the number of my infantry regiments and battalions at seventy-four, and in this I am credited with some commands that were not with me.

In Gordon's division, which was formed by taking two of the brigades from my division and uniting them with the remnant of Johnson's division, after the disaster of the 12th of May, to form a division for Gordon, there were thirty regiments. Giving 180 to each regiment would make an aggregate of 5,400 for the division. In one of the brigades in his division there were the remnants of thirteen regiments, being all that was left of the Virginia regiments in Johnson's division. An average of 180 for those regiments would give 2,340 for the brigade, and yet Gordon's whole division numbered, on the 31st of August, 1864, only 2,544, as shown by the returns of that date. On the same "circumstantial evidence" he gives me thirty-six regiments of cavalry, for which he assumes one hundred men and officers as the average, making my cavalry force 3,600; yet the number of cavalry regiments with me, including the dismounted brigade and the one that was detached, did not exceed twenty-two. On the same kind of evidence he gives me sixty pieces of artillery, and in a note says that this number was actually counted in passing the South Mountain. As my forces passed through two gaps in the South Mountain, a part of the artillery accompanying each column, I should like to know who

made the count. If it was a citizen, he was not unlikely to count a caisson as a piece of artillery. As General Barnard says that the name, rank, and regiment of the prisoners captured from my command between the 3d and 18th of July were carefully ascertained and recorded, and thus it was ascertained that I had ninety-nine regiments of infantry and thirty-six of cavalry, I defy the production of any such record. If such record exists, then it shows at least twenty-five more regiments of infantry, and twelve of cavalry, than I had. It is possible that men claiming to belong to so many regiments, may have been captured, as I afterward ascertained that there were a very large number of deserters from our army who had taken refuge in the mountains between the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier, and the Valley, who claimed to belong to Mosby's command whenever questioned by any of our officers. I have thus noticed especially the estimate of my force given by General Barnard, or rather the officer from whom he quotes, because that is the only one professing to be based on any data, the others being mere conjectural estimates, without any foundation to rest upon. It is a little singular that writers on the other side will persist in estimating our numbers upon the crude conjectures made during the war, when the returns showing our strength during the various campaigns are on file in the Archive Office, and have been for such a long period accessible to them. There was no reason why Confederate officers should have made inaccurate returns to their government, and they have certainly not had the opportunity of altering them since the close of the war. General Barnard's statement of the forces available for the defense of Washington at the time of my advance, is not based on conjecture or "circumstantial evidence," but is derived from actual knowledge. He thus gives his statement of the forces within the defenses of Washington, and in adjacent camps on the 10th of July, 1864: "The effective forces were 1,819 infantry, 1,834 artillery, and sixty-three cavalry, north of the Potomac, and 4,064 infantry, 1,772 artillery, and fifty-one cavalry, south thereof. There were besides in Washington and Alexandria about 3,900 effectives (First and Second District of Columbia volunteers, 'Veteran Reserves,' and detachments), under Generals Wisewell and Hough, doing duty as guards, &c., &c., and about 4,400 (six regiments) of 'Veteran Reserves.' At the artillery camp of instruction (Camp Barry) were five field batteries (627 men). A 'brigade' of cavalry consisting of the Second Massachusetts, Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York regiments, numbering a little over 800 effectives, was posted in the neighborhood of Falls Church and Annandale, and commanded by the lamented Colonel C. R. Lowell (subsequently

killed at Cedar Creek) who handled it with great ability, resisting to the utmost Early's progress from Rockville and never hesitating to attack when it was desired to develop the enemy's forces." (Page 107.) He adds in a note on same page: "Besides the cavalry brigade of Colonel Lowell, there was a nominal 'cavalry division' of dismounted men, awaiting equipment and organization, at Camp Stoneman, under Colonel W. Gamble (Eighth Illinois Cavalry), amounting in all to about 1,200 effectives. Portions of the Eighth Illinois, armed and mounted, were sent during the 10th and 11th in the direction of Rockville, Laurel, Bladensburg, and Fort Mahan to observe the enemy. The rest (dismounted) were sent, with their cavalry arms, to General McCook for service in the lines." By "effectives," it must be understood, are meant only enlisted men for duty who bear arms, and the term does not include commissioned officers. The foregoing statement shows that there were within the defenses and in adjacent camps 20,530 effectives on the 10th of July, while I was on the march from Monocacy, the authorities in Washington being fully apprised of my approach. Besides these troops there was a force of quartermaster's men organized into a brigade by Quartermaster-General Meigs, over 6,000 strong, and reported for duty on Sunday (the 10th). (See same report, pp. 115-116). That, with all these troops at hand, and with full knowledge of my advance, there should have been assembled only five thousand men of the character described by the writer in *The Republican* to meet that advance is a proposition too absurd to deserve serious consideration. According to General Barnard's report, besides the 3,716 men on duty in the defenses north of the Potomac on the 10th, the 4,400 veteran reserves were moved to the trenches on that day; the 800 cavalry, under Lowell, were sent to the front before day on the 11th, the 1,200 dismounted cavalry were also sent to the front, and to report to McCook on the 10th and 11th. Quartermaster-General Meigs reported with 2,000 men on the night of the 10th, and Colonel Rice, with 2,800 convalescents and artillerymen reported to the same officer on Monday, thus giving a force of 14,916 effectives for duty on the front against which my advance was made, to which should be added several commands the strength of which is not given, as the Second District of Columbia Volunteers, Captains Gibbs's and Bradley's batteries, and Snyder's battalion of the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery. (See pages 113-116). There were, then, over fifteen thousand men available for duty in the trenches and in connection therewith on the front against which my advance was made before I got within reach of the works. The character of those works is thus described by General Barnard: "Thus

from a few isolated works, covering bridges or commanding a few especially important points, was developed a connected *system* of fortification by which every prominent point, at intervals of eight hundred to one thousand yards, was occupied by an inclosed field-fort, every important approach or depression of ground unseen from the forts swept by a battery for field-guns, and the whole connected by rifle-trenches, which were in fact lines of infantry parapet, furnishing emplacement for two ranks of men and affording covered communication along the line, while roads were opened wherever necessary, so that troops and artillery could be moved rapidly from one point of the immense periphery to another, or under cover from point to point along the line.

"The woods which prevailed along many parts of the line were cleared for a mile or two in front of the works, the counterscarps of which were surrounded by abattis. Bomb-proofs were provided in nearly all the forts; all guns not solely intended for distant fire placed in embrasure and well traversed; secure and well ventilated magazines, ample to contain one hundred rounds per gun, constructed; the original crude structures, built after designs given in text-books for 'field fortification,' replaced by others on plans experience developed, or which the increased powers of modern artillery made necessary. All commanding points on which an enemy would be likely to concentrate artillery to overpower that of one or more of our forts or batteries were subjected not only to the fires, direct and cross, of many points along the line, but also from heavy rifled guns from distant points unattainable by the enemy's field-guns. With all these developments the lines certainly approximated to the maximum degree of strength which can be attained from unrevetted earth-works. They would probably realize in some degree the qualities attributed to fortified lines by Napoleon, though, being but unrevetted earth-works, they were scarcely what his dictum contemplated. When, in July, 1864, Early appeared before Washington all the artillery regiments which had constituted the garrisons of the works, and who were experienced in the use of the artillery, had been withdrawn and their places mainly filled by a few regiments of 'one hundred days' men' just mustered into service. The advantage, under these circumstances, of established lines of infantry parapet and prepared emplacements for field-guns can be hardly overestimated. Bodies of hastily-organized men, such as teamsters, quartermasters' men, citizen volunteers, &c., sent out to the lines could hardly go amiss." It may be observed here that as the object of revetments in fortifications is to render them

impregnable against the fire of heavy artillery, their absence in this case did not detract from the strength of the Washington defenses as against my force, as I had none but light field-guns with me. As against me, therefore, these defenses may be said to have fully reached the maximum degree of strength of which earth-works are susceptible. With such works, defended by 14,000 or 15,000 men, already on the front threatened, and with the facilities for moving other troops with rapidity, and under cover, to any point that might be assailed, the proposition that I could have carried them by an assault immediately on my arrival in their front, if my strength had been double what it was, would argue a degree of panic and demoralization on the part of the defenders of the "National Capital" not at all traceable to the fact of their being "raw troops" or "veteran reserves," disabled by wounds from active field duty. With such works to protect them even "hundred days' men," who knew how to load and fire a gun, ought to have been capable of rendering very efficient service; and I can conceive of no reason why "quartermaster's men," "teamsters," and "citizen volunteers" should not have been capable of resisting an assault made by an attacking force that had to move over abattis, across ditches, and over infantry parapets, when they were so effectually shielded by the works behind which they were ensconced, unless, indeed, they were as thoroughly demoralized as the intensely loyal athlete of whom the writer in *The Republican* speaks, and who excused himself first because he had lost his front teeth, and then had heart disease, and finally got off by taking medicine to make himself sick. All this pretense about "hundred days' men," "raw and inexperienced troops," &c., can but recall to our recollection the excuses made at the time for the defeat at first Manassas, or Bull Run, as our opponents called it, founded upon the fancied existence of innumerable "masked batteries" and legions of "Black Horse Cavalry" which the invaders encountered—in imagination—in an army nearly all of which had not had the advantage of so much as the half of a "hundred days'" service. As to the "veteran reserves," they were merely disabled from active service in the field by their wounds, and were, or ought to have been, as capable of efficient service in the trenches as any troops whatever, as they must be supposed to have been thoroughly trained. The idea, therefore, that I could have entered Washington by a vigorous assault on the works on my arrival is without any well-grounded foundation. It took several hours to bring my infantry into line, as it was moving by flank on a narrow road, with the trains and artillery interspersed at intervals on the line of march for the purposes of protection, one division being in

rear of the whole. Before even the first brigade of the leading division was brought into line, I saw a cloud of dust from the direction of Washington, showing that troops were moving up, and a portion of them having filed into the trenches, a large body of skirmishers was sent to the front, which drove back my cavalry skirmishers, about two hundred strong, and burned a number of houses in front of the works. This affair is thus given by General Barnard: "Upon the arrival of dismounted men of the second division cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac, 600 of them, under command of Major G. Briggs, advanced at half-past one P. M., and drove the enemy's skirmishers back about a thousand yards, and thus restored in some degree confidence to the defenders." I witnessed this affair, and at that time the leading brigade of my command had not come up, but soon after came up, formed line, and sent forward skirmishers, who drove those of the enemy back to the cover of his works. It took some time to get the remainder of the leading division into line, and it was much later when the rest of my command was brought up. The whole command had then marched fully fifteen miles in very hot, dry weather and over exceedingly dusty roads, and was, of course, very much exhausted, many of the men having fallen by the way from heat and sheer exhaustion. I may here remark, in reference to alleged statements by my men as to my strength and purposes, that it was a very poor Confederate soldier who would acknowledge to citizens of the enemy's country through which he was marching the weakness of the army to which he belonged or any doubt of the success of the expedition. I recollect very well an incident which occurred with myself on that morning. As I was riding in rear of my cavalry advance I got some distance ahead of my infantry column, and, seeing a shady grove by the roadside, with a neat house in it, I halted to rest under the shade of the trees while waiting for my infantry. The gentleman of the house came out to speak to me, and I soon found a sympathizer with our cause in him. Finding this, I asked him about the character and strength of the works around Washington, and he said that they were not very strong, as they were nothing but "earth-works." I then asked him about the strength of the troops inside of those works, and he stated that there was not a large force in them—not more, he thought, than 20,000 men. Knowing that earth-works in the then state of the science of war were regarded as the strongest that could be made, and that such works, defended by 20,000 men, would be impregnable as against my force, and not feeling very much encouraged by the information given me, I nevertheless replied to my informant that if that was all they had to oppose us we would

not mind that. I have no doubt that some of my men, even after they were made prisoners, did what is called some "very tall talking" about my strength and purposes, and doubtless such boasting on their part contributed in no small degree to the state of bewilderment of my opponent in the subsequent campaign as to my strength and the success of my efforts to baffle him for so long a period. Washington was indebted for its safety not alone to the strength of its defenses and the troops that were in them before my arrival, but two divisions of the Sixth Corps from Grant's army and a portion of the Nineteenth Corps arrived before or simultaneously with my arrival in front of the works. When I speak here of my arrival I mean, of course, the arrival of the main body of my force. As the writer in *The Republican* has made a statement in regard to the arrival of the Sixth Corps I will here give it in full, as illustrative of the entire want of knowledge of the facts which characterizes his production. After describing an imaginary state of things existing on the afternoon of the 12th, when Washington is represented as being in extreme danger, he says: "Meanwhile a certain quiet individual, while smoking his cigar in the trenches before Petersburg, had received news of what was going on about Washington. Throttling Lee with his strong right hand, the silent man Grant took up the Sixth Corps with his left, stretched his arm northward, and the Capital was saved. General Wright with his gallant men arrived from the front of Petersburg and went to the front of Washington just in the nick of time—none too soon, but not a minute too late. Up the street they marched as only veterans can march, beyond the line of defenses, and as the heads of columns began to deploy into line of battle and throw out skirmishers cheer after cheer went up from those who had for nearly two days and nights formed a feeble but fortunately effectual barrier to the rebel advance. Early's men heard the cheering, and in the darkness fast closing in upon the 12th of July felt its cause as the reinforcements opened fire."

This is quite graphic, and it is a pity that it is but "the baseless fabric of a vision" as it represents "the Silent Man" "smoking his cigar" in a very interesting posture. It may also be observed that the perverse Lee, notwithstanding he was thus throttled, continued to breathe with considerable vigor for some time thereafter. Here is what the "Silent Man" himself says in his report dated the 22d of July, 1865: "Immediately upon the enemy's ascertaining that General Hunter was retreating from Lynchburg by the way of Kanawha river, thus laying the Shenandoah Valley open for raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania, he returned [turned?] northward and moved down that val-

ley. As soon as this movement of the enemy was ascertained General Hunter, who had reached the Kanawha river, was directed to move his troops without delay, by river and railroad, to Harper's Ferry; but owing to the difficulty of navigation, by reason of low water and breaks in the railroad, great delay was experienced in getting there. It became necessary, therefore, to find other troops to check this movement of the enemy. For this purpose the Sixth Corps was taken from the armies operating against Richmond, to which was added the Nineteenth Corps, then fortunately beginning to arrive in Hampton Roads from the the Gulf Department under orders issued immediately after the ascertainment of the result of the Red River Expedition." After describing the garrisons in Baltimore and Washington and my movement across the Potomac, he proceeds: "On the 6th the enemy occupied Hagerstown, moving a strong column toward Frederick City. General Wallace, with Ricketts's division and his own command, the latter mostly new and undisciplined troops, pushed out from Baltimore with great promptness and met the enemy in force on the Monocacy, near the crossing of the railroad bridge. His force was not sufficient to insure success, but he fought the enemy nevertheless, and although it resulted in a defeat to our arms, yet it detained the enemy, and thereby served to enable *General Wright to reach Washington with two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the advance of the Nineteenth Corps before him.*" The italics in the last part of this quotation are mine, and are given to call attention to the statement that General Wright was enabled to reach Washington before I did. General Barnard, after stating the inability of Hunter to move up the Ohio and over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in time to oppose me, says: "Hence it became necessary to find other troops to oppose Early. One division (Ricketts's) was, as has been seen, detached on the 5th of July from the lines before Petersburg and sent to Baltimore, where it arrived in time to bear the brunt of the battle at the Monocacy.

The other two divisions did not receive their orders till the 9th, and did not reach Washington till two P. M. the 11th, *barely* in time. A part of the Nineteenth Corps, just arrived at Fort Monroe from Louisiana, were likewise dispatched to Washington and arrived at the same time." (Page 113.) He further says, on page 116: "Major-General H. G. Wright, United States Volunteers, commanding Sixth Corps, reported at three P. M., and his troops came up about four P. M. A force of about nine hundred of this battle-tried corps was placed on the skirmish line for the night." That is, the night of the 11th. My troops did not all get up and into line before four o'clock, and my

leading brigade was not in line before two o'clock; so that, in addition to the troops already in Washington before my arrival, I would have had to encounter the two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the part of the Nineteenth Corps that had arrived, if I had attempted to enter Washington. The proposition, therefore, that I could have successfully made an attempt at any time after my arrival is simply preposterous. If I had been able to reach Washington sooner, Grant would have sent troops to its rescue sooner, and hence there never was any prospect of my capturing that city. It was not General Lee's orders or expectation that I should take Washington. His order was that I should threaten that city; and when I suggested to him the probability of my being able to capture it he said that would be impossible. It was my own conception, that of undertaking the capture, but the feasibility of that depended upon my finding the city very insufficiently defended. On the night of the 11th, being unwilling to surrender the idea of capturing the Federal Capital, I gave an order for the assault at dawn on the 12th; but a dispatch received during the night, stating the arrival of two corps from Grant's army, caused me to examine the works at the earliest dawn of the 12th, when I found them so strongly manned as to preclude all hope of carrying them, and I therefore countermanded the order for the assault. I remained in front of the works, however, during the 12th, with the purpose of retiring at night, and gave orders accordingly. All my movements during the day were mere demonstrations to amuse the enemy until the time for withdrawal arrived. I had ascertained that Hunter had arrived at Harper's Ferry with his forces, which I knew to be much larger than my own, and my position was therefore exceedingly critical, as there was but one way for escaping across the Potomac, and that was by a ford above Leesburg, in Loudoun county, over which I did retire successfully. If the Federal commanders in Washington and General Hunter had been possessed of the requisite enterprise and daring it would have been impossible for me to have escaped the capture of my entire command. All my movements were based on the presumed want of enterprise on the part of the enemy, and it seems that Federal commanders cannot understand the audacity that caused their Capital to be threatened by so small a force. The article of the writer in *The Republican* contains a number of statements on subjects of minor interest which are wholly without foundation in fact. Among them is the statement that Francis P. Blair, Sr., was driven from his residence by my troops. Mr. Blair was not at home at the time, but was, as I was informed, absent with his family in Pennsylvania, leaving his house in charge of some woman

who fled on our approach. If Mr. Blair had been at home his property and his privacy would have been respected, as was that of all citizens who remained in their houses. When I found that his house was abandoned, and had been plundered of some valuables, I placed a guard over it with orders that no one should enter it without permission, and that the property should be protected. Most, if not all, the valuables that had been taken were recovered and placed in the charge of some neighbor for the purpose of being restored to Mr. Blair on his return. His cattle, which were fit for beeves, were taken by my orders, as were the cattle of other citizens, it being necessary that my troops should be supplied with provisions from the country. His house was not used for a hospital, and if any wounded men were found in it they were men who had been wounded in the affair which occurred late in the afternoon of the 12th, between some troops sent out from the works and a portion of the troops on my front line, who could not be transported, and found their way to the house after I retired. If the writer is to be understood as intimating that Montgomery Blair's house was burned by my orders, then the statement is incorrect. I had placed a guard over that house also, and it was not burned by my orders, but was fired after my guard had been withdrawn. I have never been able to ascertain who did the burning.

General Rodas, whose division occupied my front line, and furnished the guard for the house, was of opinion that it was burned by some resident of the neighborhood, who took advantage of our presence to commit the act. It is not impossible that the burning was by some of my men, but it was without my authority. It was my policy to prohibit everything like marauding on the part of my troops, and I was especially determined to prevent the destruction of the property of the Blairs, for it was understood that both the father and the son were opposed to the policy pursued by some Federal commanders in the South in the destruction of private property and the imprisonment of non-combatant citizens. In fact, it was understood by us that Montgomery Blair had lost caste with the extreme Radicals of the party to which he was attached at that time, and it was not a great while before he retired from the Cabinet. There is a citizen of one of the upper counties of the Valley, who is still living, who had followed my command into Maryland, and who came to me while I was in front of Washington with the request that I would permit him to burn the house of Montgomery Blair, in retaliation for the burning of many houses in the Valley by General Hunter's orders. This permission I refused, with a statement of my reasons therefor. Judge Blair, how-

ever, as I understand, has never been able to believe that I did not have his house burned, and he bases his conviction on a conversation I had with some gentlemen from Hagerstown, in which I stated that if the house had been burned by some of my men, the act would have been fully justified by the burning in their own counties of many private residences by General Hunter, whose ruins they had seen when marching down the Valley. This expression seems to have been misconstrued into an admission that the act was my own. I have no disposition to evade the responsibility for any of my acts during the war, and I certainly did have the iron works of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens burned in 1863, and the town of Chambersburg was burned by my orders in 1864 as an act of retaliation, after a refusal to comply with a demand upon the town for compensation for some burning that General Hunter had done within the limits of my command.

I also levied contributions on the towns of York, Pa., in 1863, and Frederick, Md., in 1864. All these acts were in accordance with the laws of war, and if I had ordered the burning of Blair's house I would not now seek to evade the responsibility. To give some idea of the odds I had against me when I was in front of Washington in July, 1864, I here give an abstract of the return of General Sheridan's force in the Valley in August, 1864. This is taken from the Adjutant General's Office in Washington, and it is either for the 20th or 31st of August, as to which I am not informed. It is as follows: Return of Middle Military Department, General P. H. Sheridan commanding: The latest August return, 1864, shows in the field—

General Crook's command, present for duty.....	21,006
General Wright's command, present for duty.....	11,956
General Emory's command, present for duty.....	12,504
General Torbert's cavalry, present for duty.....	3,502
Total	53,968

General Crook's command was that which Hunter had concentrated at Harper's Ferry when I was in front of Washington; General Wright's was the Sixth Corps, two-thirds of which (two divisions) would amount to 7,970; General Emory's was the Nineteenth Corps, one-half of which would be over 6,000; so that there arrived in Washington at or before the time of my arrival in front of it at least 14,000 men from Grant's army, while a force of over 20,000 men was in my rear at Harper's Ferry. I may say here that I endeavored to get the returns of Sheridan's forces for September and October, when occurred the principal engagements between our forces, but was informed that there were no returns of his on file in the Adjutant-General's office for either

month. I, however, obtained an abstract of the returns for the 10th of November, which is as follows:

First Return for November, 1864. In the Field.

General Crook, present for duty.....	18,036
General Wright, present for duty.....	12,336
General Emory, present for duty.....	9,701
General Torbert, present for duty.....	8,307
Total.....	48,380

These statements are given to show the immense odds against which I had to contend, not only when I was in front of Washington, but in the subsequent campaign in the Valley. General Sheridan in his report says that his loss in that campaign was in killed, 1,938; wounded, 11,893; missing, 3,121; total, 16,952. This, added to the return for November 10, would show a force of more than 65,000; but perhaps some 5,000 of the wounded may have returned to duty, leaving about 60,000 as his available force in the beginning of the campaign or during its progress. In reference to the absence of all returns of his force for September and October I will state that several years since I saw a statement in some newspaper that General Badeau had taken about a cart-load of papers from the Adjutant-General's office when he undertook to write the biography of General Grant which had never been returned. If that was the fact it may be that the missing returns of Sheridan's forces were among them; and as Grant's biography has now been completed it is not improbable that all the missing documents may be returned. However that may be, there is still in existence, and accessible, documentary evidence enough, to enable candid searchers for the truth to ascertain the relative strength of the opposing forces at all important periods. And when intelligent men of the North shall so far discard the passions and prejudices of the past as to be able to give a careful and dispassionate consideration to the facts it is not improbable that the scales will fall from the eyes of many of them, and they will discover that they have magnified into heroes of the highest order some whose statues will dwindle into very insignificant proportions before the light of truth. To such a test I am willing to submit the conduct of my advance upon and operations around Washington and my subsequent campaign in the Valley with full confidence in the result. It may be, however, that an appeal "to foreign nations and to the next ages" will be necessary before the truth of history is fully vindicated in regard to the operations of the war; and, be that as it may, I have no apprehension as to the final verdict.

J. A. EARLY.

The Attempt to Fasten the Assassination of President Lincoln on President Davis and other Innocent Parties.

By Judge W. W. CLEARY.

[The following paper was read before the Louisville Branch of the Southern Historical Society and well deserves a place in our records that the future historian may see what methods were employed to blacken the name and fame of Confederate leaders.]

On the 2d day of May, 1865, his Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, published to the world the following proclamation—viz:

"By the President of the United States:

"WHEREAS, it appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, and the attempted murder of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, was incited, concocted and procured by and between Jeff. Davis, late of Richmond, Virginia; and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverley Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. W. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the government of the United States, harbored in Canada. Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer for the arrest of said persons or either of them within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards:

"One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverley Tucker; ten thousand dollars for the arrest of W. W. Cleary, late clerk of C. C. Clay.

"The Provost-Marshal-General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, the 2d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the independence of the United States of America, the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

"By the President: W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary State."

The "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," upon which this accusation was brought against persons, some of whom had occupied high positions under the Federal Government, and all of whom through life had enjoyed the confidence of their fellow-citizens, and unblemished reputations as private gentlemen, was carefully withheld from the public by the Bureau of Military Justice, thereby depriving the accused of the opportunity of at once exposing the equally extraordinary and improbable perjuries by which the President was deceived into the issuance of the Proclamation; while, meantime, the exalted source from which this indictment issued, and the morbid excitement of the public mind, gave color enough to the accusation to subject the accused to an ignominy scarcely less than should have ensued upon full proof of guilt.

The fact subsequently transpired, in spite of official vigilance to conceal it, that the "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," was obtained from three witnesses secretly examined before the Military Commission which condemned Mrs. Surratt to the gallows. Their names, real or assumed, are Sandford Conover, Richard Montgomery and James B. Merritt. Their testimony, withheld from the public by the Government, found its way into the newspapers, and was commonly known at the time as "the suppressed testimony." The publication of it enabled some of the parties assailed to expose its falsehood and the characters of the witnesses. Filed with this paper and as a part, but too long to read here, is the "evidence" in full, as reported by the Bureau of Military Justice upon which the proclamation issued, together with the facts, testimony and documents whereby the "evidence" is shown to be from first to last a congeries of miserable falsehoods. That President Johnson was betrayed by an undeserved confidence in the information furnished from the Bureau of Military Justice; that the charge of the proclamation was made upon manifestly false testimony, in an hour of public excitement, is now universally accepted truth; nevertheless, I have thought it not out of place to put in the archives of the Southern Historical Association a brief review of this evidence, the necessity for any detailed exposition of which arises chiefly from the very effrontery of falsehoods, which the accused, had they been present, could have exposed in the most summary manner on the spot, but which from the extraordinary and contra-legal method in which they were received, impose the necessity of tedious detail and repetition of rebutting testimony to overthrow so preposterous and stupidly contrived falsehoods.

Sandford Conover, examined by Judge Advocate Bingham, swore

(see page 5), repeating four different times, in a variety of forms of expression, that late in January and early in February, 1865, and every day in the month of February, he held conversations with Hon. Jacob Thompson at the St. Lawrence hotel, in Montreal, touching the assassination.

Let me quote in full his statement of the alleged conversation :

Q.—“State, if you please, what was said at that time by Mr. Thompson on that subject, in your presence?” A.—“I had called on Mr. Thompson to make some inquiry about a raid which had been contemplated on Ogdensburg, N. Y., which had failed because the United States Government had received some intimation of the rebels there, and were prepared for it, and I called to hear what was to be done next, and being supposed by Mr. Thompson to be a good rebel, he said: ‘We would have to drop it for a time, but we will catch them asleep yet,’ and then he observed: ‘There is a better opportunity, a better chance to immortalize yourself and save your country.’ I told him that I was ready to do anything to save the country, and asked him what was to be done. He said: ‘Some of our boys are going to play a grand joke on Abe and Andy.’ That was his expression. This led to explanations, when he informed me it was to kill them, or rather remove them from office. To use his own expression, he said: ‘It was only removing them from office; that the killing of a tyrant was no murder.’”

Q.—“State whether anything was said at that time on the subject of commissions from the rebel authorities in his hand, in blank?” A.—“He had commissions, and conferred one on Booth. I am not so positive whether he had conferred it on Booth then or not; but he told me, either then or subsequently, that Booth had been commissioned, and that everybody engaged in the enterprise would be commissioned; and if it succeeded or failed, and they escaped to Canada, they could not be successfully claimed under the Extradition Treaty.”

The fact is fully shown in the testimony herewith: First, that Mr. Thompson was not in Montreal at any time from the 1st of January to the 14th of February, being in the city of Toronto, nearly 350 miles distant; and second, by referring to page 27, it will be seen from the letter of this man Conover, certified to be genuine by United States Counsel, General John F. Potter, that up to the 20th of March after, he did not even know Mr. Thompson, and was then seeking his acquaintance, as himself the originator of a proposition to destroy the Croton Water-works, etc. This letter was sent by Mr. John Cameron, of Montreal, who testifies that, after Mr. Thompson had read the letter,

he exclaimed: "Is the man mad? Is he a fool?" and declined any communication with him.

Again. See page 4, speaking of John H. Surratt.

Q.—"You say you saw him in Montreal in April, last?" A.—"Yes, sir."

Q.—"About what time in April was it?" A.—"It was within a week before the President's assassination. I think about the 6th and 7th of April—somewhere in that vicinity."

Q.—"You say you saw him in Thompson's room?" A.—"I saw him in Mr. Thompson's room."

Q.—"State whether he gave any communication to Thompson in your presence in his room, and what that communication was."

A.—"There was a conversation there at that time, from which it appeared that Mr. Surratt had brought dispatches from Richmond to Mr. Thompson. These dispatches were the subject of the consultation."

Q.—"From whom in Richmond were the dispatches brought?"

A.—"From Mr. Benjamin, and I think there was also a letter in cipher from Mr. Davis. I am not so positive as to the cipher, but there was a letter from him, whether in cipher or not."

Q.—"Do you mean Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the so-called Confederacy?" A.—"Yes, sir."

Q.—"You say the dispatches were the subject of conversation. What did they say was the substance of the dispatches, or what did they purport to be?" A.—"I had some conversation with Mr. Thompson previously on the subject of a plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, * * * and I had been invited to participate in that enterprise." (This is the alleged conversation fully described above and disproved.)

Q.—"By whom had you been so invited to participate in that enterprise?" A.—"By Mr. Thompson, and on this occasion he laid his hand on the papers or dispatches there, and said this makes this thing all right, referring to the assent of the rebel authorities."

Q.—"Did they speak of the persons that the rebel authorities had consented might be the victims of this plot?" A.—"Yes, sir; Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, and Judge Chase."

Q.—"Did they say anything about any of the Generals?" A.—"And Grant."

Q.—"I am not sure whether you have stated precisely. If you have not done it, I wish you would now, who were present at this conversation which you had with Jacob Thompson early in April, when he laid

his hand on the dispatches." A.—"Mr. Surratt, General Carroll and myself."

Q.—"Can you state whether any of these persons participated in the conversation?" A.—"General Carroll, of Tennessee, did. He was more anxious that Mr. Johnson should be killed than anybody else."

General Carroll denounces this as false, and shows by the certificate of Dr. McDonnell, an eminent physician of Montreal, and Mr. A. S. Huntington, with whom he boarded, that he was confined to his bed from the 1st to the 15th of April in consequence of a very painful disease, and that he was all the time under the care of Dr. McDonnell, thus completely exploding the story of the dispatches, cipher letter and apochryphal Surratt conversations.

Says General Carroll: "The facile ease with which this infamous wretch, Conover, commits perjury, is only equalled by the fertility of his brain in conceiving diabolical plots and involving innocent people in them." I have thus cited Conover's perjuries, having for their object the connecting of Mr. Davis and Mr. Thompson with the assassination. Each, all, and every one of his statements as to Mr. Clement C. Clay, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Beverley Tucker and myself, are shown to be equally false and mendacious.

Conover mentions, in his secret examination, the names of other gentlemen as his "intimate associates in Montreal," viz: Captain Magruder and Dr. Pallen, both of whom made affidavits. Says Captain Magruder: "I, George A. Magruder, late Captain in the Navy of the United States, and Chief of the Bureau of Ordinances and Hydrography, now residing in the city of Montreal, having been duly sworn upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, doth depose and say: That having read the evidence or testimony of one Sanford Conover, *alias* James Watson Wallace, as reported in the public papers to have been given by him, and taken before the Military Commission, now sitting at Washington, D. C., in which he declares that, with others named by said Conover, *alias* Wallace, he was intimately acquainted with me. This I swear to be absolutely false and untrue. Further, I declare never to have seen this person to my knowledge, nor have I ever heard his name, or assumed name, before my attention was drawn to it by his testimony. I did not know that such a person as said Conover or Wallace existed."

Dr. Pallen, a distinguished surgeon of St. Louis, swears that he never saw or spoke to Sanford Conover, *alias* James Watson Wallace.

Conover said, in his secret testimony, that he did not go by the name of Sanford Conover in Canada, but under the name of James

Watson Wallace. The first known of him in Canada was in the latter part of February, 1865, when he appeared as a volunteer witness in the extradition proceeding, then pending against the St. Albans' prisoners. It was necessary to the defense to prove the genuineness of the signature of Mr. Sedden, Secretary of War and as it was difficult to find any one in Montreal acquainted with the signature, inquiries were constantly being made at the hotels for Virginia people who could make such proof in this way. This man came, offered himself as a witness, went into court, and did the swearing.

Let me give you a few specimens from his testimony in Montreal and at Washington:

AT MONTREAL.

"I am a native of Virginia."

"I resided in Jefferson county. I left there in October last"—(1864).

"I have not been in the Confederate army."

"I was in Richmond in September" (1864).

"I was kidnapped by the Yankees, and brought North from my home in Jefferson county, in October last" (1864).

"When I was in Virginia I lived in my own house until I was burnt out and my family were turned out by the Northern soldiers."

AT WASHINGTON.

"I am a native of the State of New York."

"I resided near Columbia, S. C."

"I was conscripted in the rebel service near Columbia, S. C., where I was then residing."

"I was in Richmond in October."

"I ran the blockade. I walked it most of the way; I rode in the cars to Hanover Junction, and from there walked. I came up through Snickerville to Charlestown, Va., and from there to Harper's Ferry, and so on."

"I am 28 years old, born in New York, and educated there."

In 1867 this Sandford Conover was indicted and tried at Washington City for these very perjuries; convicted, sentenced and committed to the Albany penitentiary for a term of ten years. The testimony against him was furnished by his former pals and friends of this "Bu-

reau of Military Justice." Conover said that he had been paid \$3,000 on account for his testimony. Times were, however, changing. They turned on him, and so this "Acteon" of perjurers was devoured by his own dogs.

Richard Montgomery. This man was examined before the Military Commission by the Judge Advocate General, Judge Holt. The principal object of his testimony, so far as relates to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, seems to be to fix guilt upon Mr. Jacob Thompson and myself. Let me give a few extracts from the testimony:

Q.—"State any conversation you may had with Jacob Thompson in Canada, in the summer of 1864, in regard to putting the President of the United States out of the way, or assassinating him." A.—"During the conversation in 1864, Jacob Thompson said he had friends, Confederates, all over the Southern States, who were ready and willing to go any length for the good of the cause of the South, and he could, at any time, have the tyrant Lincoln and any others of his advisers that he chose put out of the way; that he would only have to point out the man he considered in the way, and his friends, as he termed them, would put them out of it, and that they would not consider it a crime when done for the cause of the Confederacy."

Q.—"Did you, or not, see Thompson some time in the month of January, 1865, and where?" A.—"That was in Canada, in Montreal."

Q.—"Will you state what he then said to you, if anything, in regard to a proposition which had been made him to rid the world of the tyrant, Lincoln?" A.—"He said a proposition had been made him to rid the world of the tyrant, Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, and some others; that he knew the men who had made the proposition were bold, daring men, and able to execute anything that they would undertake, without regard to the cost; that he, himself, was in favor of the proposition, but had determined to defer his answer until he had consulted his government at Richmond, and that he was then only awaiting their approval. He said that he thought it would be a blessing to the people, both North and South, to have those men killed."

Q.—"This was in January?" A.—"That was in January last."

Q.—"Did you meet Booth there?" A.—"No, Sir, I never saw Mr. Booth in Canada."

Q.—"Did any of these men of whom you have spoken say that Booth was one of the men referred to by Jacob Thomson, who was willing to assassinate the President?" A.—"No, sir; W. W. Cleary told me. I related to him the conversation I had had, or a portion of

it, with Mr. Thompson, in January, and he said that Booth was one of the parties to whom Thompson had referred." Now, Mr. Thompson was not in Montreal at any time in the month of January. The time and place of conversation with me is not stated, nor that any third person was present, so that it cannot be directly disproved, but since no conversation with Mr. Thompson took place in January, it could not be mentioned to me. As to the alleged conversation with Mr. Thompson in 1864, I here present, in full, the affidavit of an honored gentleman of this city, then residing in Canada, viz:

Province of Canada, city of Toronto, to-wit:

I, John B. Castleman, at present residing in the city of Toronto, but formerly of Fayette county, in the State of Kentucky, an officer in the Confederate army, make oath and say:

First—That I am well acquainted with Jacob Thompson and W. W. Cleary.

Second—That I was in the city of Toronto in the early part of August last (1864), in the company of the said Jacob Thompson and W. W. Cleary, and know that Richard Montgomery, then passing under the name of James Thompson, was at that time known to them as a United State detective and spy from New York.

Third—That said Montgomery was recognized and denounced as a Federal detective in the employ of United States Marshal Murray, within a few hours after his arrival in Toronto, by a friend from New York city, then present.

Fourth—That the said Jacob Thompson and Cleary conversed with me at that time as to their knowledge of the true character of Montgomery, *alias* Thompson.

Fifth—That Montgomery, so soon as he was discovered, left the Queen's hotel, where he was stopping, and, I believe, the city of Toronto, for I, with others, searched for him and was unable to find him.

Sixth—That I was on intimate terms with said Jacob Thompson and W. W. Cleary, both before and since the day on which Montgomery came to Toronto, and have never seen or heard of him being with them at any time, and do not believe he could have been in their company without my knowledge.

J. B. CASTLEMAN.

Sworn to before me, at the city of Toronto, this 19th day of August, A. D., 1865.

I. M. CANAVAN, Justice of the Peace.

Before the Military Commission, Montgomery swore himself to be what he was known to be within a few hours after he came to Toronto.

Q.—“During your stay at Canada, were you or not in the service of the Government, and seeking to acquire for its use information in regard to the plans or purposes of the rebels who were known to be assembled there?” A.—“I was.”

Q.—“To enable you to do this, did you or not deem it proper and necessary that you should assume a different name from your real name, and under which you now appear before this court?” A.—“Yes, sir, I did.”

The style of the examination of Montgomery by Judge Holt, indicates a very complete understanding between them of what amount and quality of “swearing” was to be done. Montgomery was a person of infamous character, certainly so known to the United States Marshal at New York city, for he had been a frequent prisoner in the “Tombs prison” of that city, and had been convicted in the New York courts for the crime of robbery.

Dr. James B. Merritt appeared and testified before the Military Commission. He says that he came from Canada in response to a letter, which he produced, as follows :

“WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST MARSHAL-GENERAL'S BUREAU,
Washington, April 20, 1865.

“*To Dr. J. B. Merritt, Agent, Canada West :*

“Sir :—I have been informed that you possess information connected with a plot to assassinate the President of the United States and other prominent heads of the Government. The bearer has been sent to present this letter to you, and to accompany you to this city. If you will come, the Secretary of War authorizes me to pledge you protection and security, and to pay all expenses connected with your journey both ways, and in addition to promise you a suitable reward, if useful information is furnished. Independent of these considerations, it is hoped that the cause of humanity and justice will induce you to act promptly, individualizing anything you may know connected with the recent tragedy in this city, or with any other plots yet in operation. The bearer is directed to pay all expenses connected with your trip.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“JAMES B. FRY,

“*Provost Marshal-General.*”

The promise of a "suitable reward" for "useful information" when made by a wealthy government could not fail to procure whatever information such a government might happen to desire.

Merritt's principal statement is, that he was present at a meeting in Montreal about the middle of February last (1865), when a proposition to kill President Lincoln was discussed, and a letter from Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, was read, approbating whatever might be done.

Sanford Conover's statement, before the Military Commission, was that the rebels at Montreal only wrote to Mr. Davis in February to get his approbation of the assassination project, and waited until April, when they got such a reply as Merritt said they had in February.

Merritt says this letter from Mr. Davis was read to the meeting by Mr. George N. Saunders, and he fixed the time about the middle of February. He says that after this reading of the letter it was handed to the members of the meeting and read by them, one after another; that the members present were Captain Scott, Colonel Steele and George Young.

At the time of this pretended meeting Captain Scott, Colonel Steele and Mr. Young were at Windsor, opposite Detroit, nearly 600 miles from Montreal, and were not absent from Windsor at any time during the month of February. As to Scott, see affidavit of P. S. Worthington, Barrister at Windsor, and of Dr. C. B. Gilbert. As to Young, the affidavit of Wm. Chapman, book-keeper of Hiron's Hotel; and as to Colonel Steele, affidavits of Mrs. Annie M. Palmer, G. McMicken, Magistrate; S. S. McDonnell, Mayor of Windsor, and of Judge Leggette, of the county court, and others. And what is still more remarkable in his stupid, preposterous perjury, *Merritt was not himself in Montreal during the month of February*, but as sworn by William Bell, Esq., coronor of Waterloo county, Canada, William Jackson, Thomas Scott, and Thomas M. Cook, residents of the village of Ayr, in said county, Merritt was never absent from the village during February. Ayr is more than 500 miles distant from Montreal.

Merritt says he had a conversation with Mr. Clement C. Clay in the city of Toronto in February, 1865, in which the assassination was spoken of, as well as the letter of Mr. Davis approving it, and that Mr. Clay said he thought the "end would justify the means." The Judge Advocate, in order that there should be no possible mistake as to identity, asks him this question:

"The Clay of whom you have spoken is Clement C. Clay, of Ala-

bama, formerly of the United States Senate, is it not?" To which he answers: "Yes, sir; C. C. Clay."

Now, in addition to the testimony just cited, showing that Merritt was not in Toronto, but in Ayr, during all of February, 1865—*Mr. Clay was not there*, having left Canada in November, 1864, and sailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 12th of January, 1865, on a blockade running steamer, passing by the Bermudas, and landing at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 3d of February, 1865, and never after returning to Canada. In the testimony herewith filed this is shown by the statements of the Halifax newspapers, Hon. C. A. Pillsberg, and the master of the steamer.

Merritt lived at Windsor in the fall of 1864, removing to Ayr, and living there continuously until the "bearer," who was authorized by the Secretary of War "to pay all expenses" and to promise "a suitable reward if useful information is furnished," found him and brought him to Washington.

His reputation and character at Windsor was that of a disreputable swindler and common liar, as is testified by the very best of citizens there, namely: Lewis W. Ashley, banker; James Frazer, jeweler; Robert Rae, distiller; Wm. McGregor, banker; C. D. Grasett, Cashier of the Commercial Bank; Thomas Perkins, Daniel Hibler, and J. C. Lawler, merchants and gentlemen of Windsor. And at Ayr his career of imposture, quackery and lying is testified to by respectable citizens, four Justices of the Peace, Esquires Robert Wylie, John Watson, Joseph Kilgour and John Davidson, and of leading business men. The *Toronto Globe*, a newspaper conspicuous for its fidelity to the Northern side of the war, in its issue of June 24, 1865, says: "We give to-day the statements, over their own signatures, of three responsible parties, Justices of the peace, residing in the county of Waterloo, respecting the character of Dr. Merritt, late of the village of Ayr, one of the secret witnesses against Jefferson Davis and his Canada agents. This testimony is only in corroboration of what has been said before in various ways and on pretty good authority; but these last statements, taken in connection with previous ones, appear utterly to destroy the value of Merritt's evidence."

Merritt claimed, when he came to Canada, that he was from Knoxville, Tenn.; that he had been the family physician of President Johnson, Parson Brownlow and other persons of distinction; that he had been surgeon to a regiment of the regular army of the United States before the war; that he had been engaged in the leather business and owned a large tannery at Knoxville, and a considerable tract of land about

eight miles from that city. I do not know what has become of this unmitigated liar.

It is not wonderful that the Military Commission, which will live in all history, covered with the infamy of the murder of Mrs. Surratt, should have received the testimony of these patent perjurers, Conover, Montgomery and Merritt, but it is amazing that the Government should even, upon their *exparte*, uncontradicted statements, have based an accusation. This "secret testimony" was obtained for publication by an enterprising correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and was by that journal first given to the world. Subsequently it was published by the Government. That the authorities at Washington entertained no confidence in or respect for this "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice" was evinced by their conduct in relation to two of the injured parties, for though Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay were prisoners in their power, they were never brought to military or other trial. The "Mission" to Canada was political, of which a member of the Canadian Ministry was duly informed. The Commissioners were Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, and Hon. Clement C. Clay, of Alabama. (I had the honor to be their Secretary.) So far as concerned plots, conspiracies, etc., they were precluded by their instructions from any such acts, as well as by their own personal views of dignity and propriety. The "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," upon which the proclamation charged this high crime is not merely unreliable, but in a singular degree false and preposterous in the face of well-known facts of time and place impossible to be true; the testimony of witnesses utterly reckless of reputation and without fear of God or man, who, as by one of those interpositions of Divine Providence for the protection of society against perjured villains, seem to have been given over to a blind stupidity in contriving their lies.

As one implicated and suffering under the proclamation of May 2, 1865, in November of that year, for myself and my superior in office, I forwarded to President Johnson the testimony, facts and documents herewith filed, accompanied with an appeal to his native sense of justice and obligations as the representative of a great people, to withdraw and annul the proclamation, urging that every consideration of official self-respect; of respect for the natural instinct of justice and right which will assert their supremacy in the hearts of the people when the passion and excitement of the hour has passed away; of respect for the reputation of the country among Christian nations abroad, and respect for the judgment of history in coming time, all combined to impel rather than restrain him from doing a simple act of justice, due even to a violent

public enemy of a foreign country, and certainly none the less to men who in time past had been honored and trusted by the American people as among their illustrious citizens, and whose dishonor, therefore, was a stain upon the honor of the nation. I am sorry to have to add in conclusion, that although the intelligence of the country very rapidly came to a just judgment, as to the "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," and with instinctive sense of right and honor revolted at the perjuries by which President Johnson was deceived, and led to proclaim such men dishonored felons, that his Excellency allowed the charges of that proclamation to stain the records of the government for nearly three years; the proclamation not being withdrawn until in 1868.

Operations Around Winchester in 1863.

REPORT OF GENERAL J. A. WALKER.

CAMP NEAR CHAMBERSBURG, June 25th, 1863.

Captain,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Stonewall Brigade around Winchester and Jordan's Springs on the 13th, 14th and 15th insts.

At daylight on Saturday morning of the 13th, the brigade moved from its camp near Cedarville in the direction of Winchester on the Front Royal and Winchester turnpike. About noon, when three miles from Winchester, the Second Virginia Regiment, Colonel Nadenbousch commanding, was detached from my command and deployed on the left of the road as skirmishers. For report of operations of that regiment during the remainder of that day see report of Colonel Nadenbousch enclosed.

The remainder of the brigade was formed in line of battle on the right of the turnpike out of sight and out of range of the enemy's guns. After remaining in this position for half an hour, I received orders to move by the left flank under cover of a ravine, and occupy a wood a few hundred yards in our front, which was done.

After occupying that position for a short while, I again received orders to move to another wood on our left and nearer Winchester, which was also done, and we remained in that position during the remainder of the day and that night. That portion of the brigade under my command did not fire a single gun during these operations and did not suffer a single casualty, although we were in range of the enemy's

fire during a considerable portion of the time. After nightfall, the Second regiment rejoined the command.

Early on the morning of the 14th, I was ordered by the Major-General commanding the Division to move across the Millwood Pike and to advance between the Millwood and Berryville pikes until I occupied the hills to the east of and fronting the town of Winchester.

Moving by the right flank under cover of the hills, until the command reached a position opposite the point it was ordered to occupy, the Fifth regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams commanding, was deployed as skirmishers and advanced in the direction of the town rapidly as possible. The remainder of the brigade following about three hundred yards in the rear. My skirmishers encountered the enemy's skirmishers on the crest of the hills and drove them back to the edge of the town, where they remained during the remainder of the day under shelter of the houses and the fences, and keeping up a continual and brisk fire upon our skirmishers, who occupied the stone fence at the western base of the hills within easy musket range of their position. A continuous and brisk skirmish between the two lines was kept up until dark and the Fifth regiment lost during the day, three men killed, sixteen wounded and ten missing.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy advanced a considerable body of men against the right of the line of skirmishers compelling it to fall back and capturing ten prisoners. At this time Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, who had command of the regiment during the day, with activity, coolness and courage, was wounded by a musket ball through the thigh and the command of the regiment devolved on Major Newton.

The Eighteenth Connecticut Regiment was deployed in front of our skirmishers, and from the testimony of some of its officers captured by this brigade the next day, I was highly gratified at the efficiency and accuracy of the fire of my skirmishers.

During the day the rest of the brigade occupied a position in rear of the hills under cover of a ravine and lost not a single man either killed or wounded.

After dark I received an order from Lieutenant Heindrick's, of Major-General Johnson's staff, to "*move forward*," with the further direction to push my skirmishers into and through the town, if practicable. While preparing to obey this order, Dr. Coleman, Medical Director for the division, came up and informed me that the rest of the division was moving on the Berryville turnpike and that it was intended that my command should follow. I immediately sent Lieutenant Hunter of my

staff to find Major-General Johnson, and ascertain what I was expected to do. While he was gone, I ordered the left of my skirmishers to advance into Winchester and learn whether the enemy still held the place. They advanced into the town and reported that the enemy had left and retired to their fortifications soon after dark. About eleven o'clock Lieutenant Hunter returned, having found the Major-General commanding, who directed me to follow the rest of the division on the Berryville road. Calling in my skirmishers as quickly as possible, I moved by the Berryville Pike and Jordan Springs, and was within a mile of Stevenson depot, at dawn, when heavy firing in that direction announced that the brigade in our front were engaging the enemy. Hurrying up the command as rapidly as possible, we reached the scene of action just as a portion of the enemy's forces were endeavoring to make their escape in the direction of Jordan's Springs. I ordered the Fourth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third regiments which were in rear of the column to face to the left and advanced in line of battle in the direction of the enemy's column to cut off their retreat.

The Second and Fifth Regiments were moved forward and formed in line of battle on the right of the road, and on the right flank of General Stuart's brigade. At this juncture, Captain Douglas, of Major-General Johnson's staff, informed me that the whole of my command was needed on the right. I directed Captain Arnall, of my staff, to recall the Fourth, Twenty-Seventh, and Thirty-Third Regiments from the left and bring them to the support of the Second and Fifth on the right. Advancing at once with the Second and Fifth Regiments through the fields in right of the woods, in which General Stuart's brigade was posted, we crossed the railroad and reached the turnpike without encountering the enemy.

The smoke and fog was so dense that we could only see a few steps in front, and when, on reaching the Martinsburg turnpike, I saw a body of men about fifty yards to the west of that road moving by the flank in the direction of Martinsburg, it was with difficulty I could determine whether they were friends or foes, as they made no hostile demonstrations, and refused to say to what brigade they belonged. Being satisfied, at last, that it was a retreating column of the enemy, I ordered the command to fire. The enemy gave way and retreated back from the pike in disorder at the first fire, returning only a straggling and inaccurate fire.

Pressing them back rapidly to the woods west of the road, they made no stand, but hoisted a white flag and surrendered to the two regiments before the others came up. Total number of prisoners taken by the

brigade at this point amounted to 713 non-commissioned officers and privates, and eighty-three commissioned officers, six stand of colors, and arms, accoutrements, &c., corresponding to the number of prisoners taken. Among the prisoners was Colonel Ely, of the Eighteenth Connecticut, commanding the brigade; Colonel Wilson, 123d Ohio; Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols, Eighteenth Connecticut; Lieutenant-Colonel ———, Twelfth Virginia, and two or three other field officers. The prisoners captured represented the following regiments: Eighteenth Connecticut, 123d Ohio, Fifth Indiana, Twelfth Virginia, and Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania. Total casualties of the brigade on this day was three wounded.

During the entire operations detailed above, the officers and men of the command behaved to my entire satisfaction, and not a single instance of misbehavior came under my observation.

To my personal staff, Lieutenants Cox, Hunter and Arnall, I am indebted for their prompt and ready assistance during the three days' operations.

I have, Captain, the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. A. WALKER,

Brigadier-General.

CAPTAIN B. W. LEIGH,

A. A. G. Johnson's Division.

List of casualties in the Stonewall brigade in operations around Winchester 13th, 14th and 15th June, 1863:

Second Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—Privates Asa Jenkins, Company E, finger, shell; Wm. Deane, Company F, leg, slight.

Fourth Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—None.

Fifth Virginia Infantry.

Killed—Privates Robert Wood, Company A; James Fridley, Company C; J. A. Elliott, Company I.

Wounded—Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Williams, thigh, severe. Corporals J. Ramsey, Company E, slight, knee; John Wallace, Company G, slight, back. Privates D. H. Blakemore, Company C, severe, wrist; A. H. Gay, Company D, severe, head; P. J. Hight, Company E, severe, in leg; R. F. Weeks, Company E, slight, in leg; P. C. Sherman, Company F, slight, in arm; J. Yago, Company F, severe, face; J. B. Gibson, Company G, slight, side; D. Wiele, Company I, slight, side; J. H. Guy, Company K, severe, hip; Sergeant J. H. Roller, Company L, severe, arm. Privates W. H. H. Day, Company L, slight, hand; J. W. Graver, Company L, finger off; J. Day, Company L, slight, foot.

Missing—Sergeant John Perry, Company F. Privates Riley Morris, J. L. Pumphrey, S. M. Shiplett, J. Stinespring, M. Stimbock, Company C; John Kelley, Company G; J. Leptrap, Company H; J. Hansberger, William Ruebush, Company I.

Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—None.

Thirty-third Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—Private Patrick Cavanaugh, Company E, severe, hip.

RECAPITULATION.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed,	—	3
Wounded,	1	19
Missing,	—	10
	<hr/> 1	<hr/> 32

HEAD-QUARTERS STONEWALL BRIGADE,

June 16, 1873.

Major,—In obedience to circular of this morning, I have the honor to report the following list of killed, wounded, and missing in this brigade in the recent operations around Winchester:

REGIMENTS.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL LOSS.	REMARKS.
	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.		
Second Va. Infantry.....	2	2	
Fourth Va. Infantry.....	No loss.
Fifth Va. Infantry.....	3	1	16	10	30	Lt.-Col. Williams is the officer reported wounded.
Twenty-seventh Va. Infantry.....	No loss.
Thirty-third Va. Infantry.....	1	1	
							33	

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. WALKER, *Brigadier General.*

Major B. W. Leigh,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Johnson's Division.

REPORT OF GENERAL GEORGE H. STEUART.

HEADQUARTERS STEUART'S BRIGADE, June 19th, 1863.

Sir,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the recent operations around Winchester: On the morning of the 13th instant I marched up the Front Royal road, towards Winchester, with the Tenth Virginia, First and Third North Carolina Regiments, the Twenty-Third Virginia having been detached to guard the division train, and the Thirty-Seventh Virginia to support the reserve artillery. The brigade was not engaged during the day, being posted to the right of the road as a support to the Stonewall brigade. Early on the morning of the 14th instant that brigade moved nearer the town, throwing out skirmishers, and I also moved forward, and in the afternoon, farther to the right, next to the Berryville turnpike. At dark, I was directed by the Major-General commanding, to move down the road towards Berryville, and after marching several miles (a guide afterwards coming up to show the way) the brigade took a circuitous left-hand road, passing by Jordan's Springs, and was halted just before daybreak, on the 15th instant, at the small bridge where

the road crosses the Winchester and Potomac railroad, about four miles from Winchester, and a few hundred yards from the Martinsburg turnpike. Wagons were heard moving along the pike, and, after a few minutes halt, the Major-General commanding, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, gave orders to move into the woods to the right of the road between the railroad and turnpike, and, just as the head of the column was crossing the bridge, it was fired into, causing momentary confusion. Notwithstanding the difficulty of crossing in the dark, fences to the right and left of the road, line of battle was soon formed along the railroad cut, the Tenth Virginia to the right of the bridge, and the First and Third North Carolina to the left, where there was no wood. Skirmishers were thrown forward, and a brisk fire commenced. The enemy advanced in line of battle, cheering and driving in our skirmishers, but were soon themselves, in turn, driven back. Receiving information that an attempt was being made to turn our left flank, I threw out two companies of the Third North Carolina to protect it. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, commanding the artillery battalion attached to this division, had previously placed a piece of the Maryland artillery on the bridge, and the other pieces of that battery, and a section from each of the batteries of Captains Rains and Carpenter's, on the rising ground in rear of my left, rendering most valuable support. A column of the enemy was now observed passing round to our left and rear, and I directed the Third North Carolina to repel the attack, but, finding that two regiments of Nichols's brigade were coming up, that regiment was returned to its original position. Colonel Warren, of the Tenth Virginia, sent word from the right that the enemy were pressing him very hard, his supply of cartridges rapidly diminishing, and I sent the First and subsequently a portion of the Third North Carolina to his support. Just before this, the Major-General commanding, with the aforementioned regiments of Nichols's brigade, attacked and pursued most vigorously that portion of the enemy, who were passing to our left and rear. After a while I was informed that the ammunition of the Tenth Virginia was all expended but one round held in reserve, and that the other two regiments of my brigade had only a few rounds left; also that the ordnance wagons were behind, and after sending repeatedly, I found it impossible to get more ammunition.

Several attempts were made by the enemy to carry the bridge, and almost all the cannoneers of the piece placed there were killed or wounded. The gallant Lieutenant Contee was also wounded, and I must here mention the gallant conduct of Lieutenant John A. Morgan, First North Carolina regiment, who, with Private Owens, of the Mary-

land artillery, and some occasional assistance, manned the piece most effectively, driving the enemy back from the bridge at a most critical moment, as the regiments near, from want of ammunition, were unable to render any assistance. Up to this time my brigade (with assistance from the artillery) had alone sustained the attack upon the front and right. Brigadier-General Walker now came up on my right with two regiments of his brigade (Stonewall) and rapidly advanced in line of battle through the woods, towards the turnpike. The Major-General commanding being engaged in a different part of the field, I directed two regiments of Nichols's brigade to cross the bridge and attack the enemy's rear, which was passing. At the same time General Walker was pressing them on their right, and thus hemmed in, they gave way, and many were taken prisoners—about 1,000 by my brigade and the remainder by General Walker. Four stands of colors were taken by my brigade; also about 175 horses. I am glad to say that my loss was small—only nine killed and thirty-four wounded—though I regret to mention among the killed, Captain J. S. R. Miller, a gallant and meritorious officer of the First North Carolina regiment. I cannot speak in terms too high of the manner in which all the officers and men conducted themselves, every one doing all in his power to accomplish the end in view. Captain G. G. Garrison, assistant Adjutant-General, and First Lieutenant R. H. McKim, *may aid de camp*, rendered valuable assistance, the latter occasionally serving at the piece on the bridge.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. H. STEUART,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

MAJOR B. W. LEIGH,
A. A. Gen'l, Johnson's Division.

Sherman's Campaign in Mississippi in Winter of 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL ROSS.

HEADQUARTER'S TEXAS BRIGADE, I. C. D.
BENTON, MISS., March 13th, 1864.

Captain,—In compliance with your call for "a report of the operations of this brigade, on the Yazoo river, during the recent advance of the enemy, under General Sherman," I have the honor to submit the following—to wit:

Immediately upon the return of my command from the Mississippi

river, about the 20th January, I received an order from the Division Commander to take position near Benton, Miss., and was charged with guarding the country west of Big Black river. A few days subsequently, Colonel Mabry, of the Third Regiment Texas Cavalry, commanding the brigade in my absence, received orders to move to the vicinity of Mechanicsburg, at which place the command arrived on the evening of the 26th.

Being informed by the scouts in front that a large foraging party was moving upon the "Ridge Road" from Vicksburg, Col. Mabry attempted to intercept it, but the enemy, receiving notice of his presence in the neighborhood saved himself by flight. On the morning of the 28th, my scouts reported gunboats and transports coming up the Yazoo river. Two boats were already at Satartia, and the smoke of others was plainly visible below. Hoping to surprise the two advance boats, I moved rapidly from Mechanicsburg to Satartia, leaving one regiment at the former place to guard against the advance of any land force from that direction.

The movement was entirely successful, and ere they were aware of our presence, Lieutenant Merre had his pieces in position and opened fire upon them at 900 yards distance. One of the boats, a transport, was landed at Dr. Gales' place, on the opposite side of the river, one-quarter of a mile above Satartia, had debarked its troops and was loading with forage. The gunboat had halted in the middle of the river, being along doubtless merely for the protection of the transport.

Our attack was sudden and unexpected, so much so, that before the transport could loose herself from the shore and get off, she received some twenty (20) shots, many of them passing entirely through her hulk but without damage to her machinery so far as we could discover. So hurried was her departure that the men on shore had not time to get aboard, but were left to save themselves as best they could. The gunboat ran off without firing a shot, and both boats being out of reach, I directed some shells to be thrown at a squadron of cavalry which having been picketing up the river while the boats were loading, and hearing our artillery, were now endeavoring to get back. Attempting to run by within range of our guns, a few shells exploding in their midst unhorsed several and scattered the rest in all directions.

The men who were unhorsed, were afterwards captured by some of my skirmishers (who crossed the river in a dug-out for this purpose) and proved to be negro troops.

Being convinced that the enemy would again advance very soon, en route for Yazoo City, I examined the river banks and selected Liver-

pool as the most suitable place at which to fight them. At this point the banks are high and the hills extend down to within musket range of the river, which would enable me to use small arms and artillery at the same time. The bed of the river is also partially obstructed opposite Liverpool by a sunken steamboat, to pass which would require the enemy to move very slowly and carefully. On the 2d February their boats again appeared; this time eleven (11) in number with formidable gunboats Nos. 3, 5, and 38, in advance.

They were evidently anticipating resistance at Liverpool and therefore passed the entire day in reconnoitering, but kept beyond the range of our guns, occasionally throwing shells at our scouts and skirmishers. No effort to pass was made, nor did any boat get within reach of our artillery until the morning of the 3d; three gunboats then moved up to within range. A heavy cannonading at once began and continued without intermission for hours. In the meantime three (3) regiments of infantry having landed from the transports below, were advancing with the intention of attempting to dislodge us with small arms. I had but two regiments with me at the time, having dispatched Colonel Mabry with his regiment (Third Texas) to check a force of the enemy advancing from Mechanicsburg, and sent the First Texas legion, under Colonel Hawkins, over to the left to guard another road upon which the enemy were making some demonstrations.

However, I knew the men in whom I trusted and was not doubtful of the issue. The Sixth and Ninth regiments Texas cavalry, commanded by Colonel Wharton and Lieutenant-Colonel Berry, nobly sustained their well-earned reputation for gallantry and unflinching firmness.

The enemy charged and were driven back, rallied, charged the second time and were again repulsed with six-shooters at twenty-five paces distant, and this time so signally and effectually that they could not be checked again until they were safe on board their boats.

Their killed and wounded, with many arms that were thrown away in their flight, were all left in our possession and were collected after the fight.

The enemy made no further effort to dislodge us, but late in the evening about-faced and moved off down the river. I did not conclude that they had given up the expedition entirely, and was not surprised when at daylight the next morning their gunboats again appeared in sight. I had, however, exhausted almost all my artillery ammunition and determined to husband the remainder for an emergency. No resistance to the boats passing was therefore attempted, but as the transports went

by with troops and horses, entirely exposed, the Ninth Texas cavalry lined the banks and poured into them several volleys, which must have done much execution. As soon as they were passed, I moved my command direct to Yazoo City, determined to intercept them again at that place and prevent their landing or expend my last shot in the effort. Arrived at Yazoo City on the evening of the 4th. The enemy did not appear until 8 A. M. the following day, when three (3) gunboats turned the bend of the river three miles below town.

My position had already been chosen and artillery posted. The bank of the river was lined with my sharpshooters concealed by the rough and broken surface of the ground. When the advance boat, which proved to be the No. 38, had arrived to within a few yards of the landing, one of my rifle pieces opened fire at short range; almost every shot taking effect and some of them passing entirely through the boat into the water beyond. The enemy promptly returned our shots, but in a few moments the No. 38 was disabled and began, with great difficulty to drop back down the river. The other boats, halting beyond the range of our guns, shelled us for an hour or two, and then drew off to their transports, four (4) miles below the city. I now made disposition of my forces for resisting a land attack, suspecting the enemy of an intention to again send out his infantry. Indeed, several regiments had already landed and deployed in line, but showed no desire to come within range of our muskets.

Evidently intimidated by the rough handling they had received the day before, at Liverpool, the whole force re-embarked late in the evening, and moved off down the river, closely followed by my scouts, and reported passing Sataritia at ten o'clock next morning. I now deemed it prudent to remain in the vicinity of Benton until I could obtain reliable information in regard to the movements of Sherman's forces and of our own cavalry. I had received no dispatches for several days, and the reports that reached me were so uncertain and contradictory that I could not credit them.

Your dispatches, directing me to join the rest of the division east of Pearl river, reached me at the Ponds four miles west of Benton, Miss., February 8th. I moved at once, and travelled as rapidly as my teams would bear. Arrived at Daleville, Miss., about the same time that the advance of the enemy reached Meridian, and decided to communicate from there with Brigadier-General Jackson or Major-General Lee, and await their instructions. In the meantime, not wishing to continue idle, I moved down to Marion Station, and there meeting the enemy, the Third Texas regiment kept up a sharp skirmish with them

throughout the day. The following day I was ordered towards the northern part of the State, to reinforce General Forrest. Arrived at Starkesville, but too late to be of any service there, as the enemy had already been driven back, and were now in full retreat. At Starkesville, therefore, our route was changed, and in obedience to orders from General Jackson, I returned again to Yazoo county.

Arrived at Benton, Miss., on the 28th, and was about encamping my command at the Ponds, four miles west of Benton, when a squadron of negro cavalry from Yazoo city came in sight, I immediately ordered detachments of the Sixth and Ninth regiments, which happened to be the nearest at hand, to charge them. The negroes, after the first fire, broke in wild disorder, each seeming intent upon nothing but making his escape. Being mounted on mules, however, but few of them got away. The road all the way to Yazoo city was literally strewn with their bodies.

The negro troops, after this, were very timid, and never came out to reconnoiter but that they were easily chased back by a few scouts. On the evening of the 4th of March, the West Tennessee brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Richardson, arrived at my camps. I had been in communication with General Richardson for several days, and at my request, he had brought his command down to assist me in an attempt to drive the enemy from Yazoo city. Being the senior officer, I advised him to assume command of both brigades, but this he declined.

At 8 A. M. of the 5th, in accordance with the plans agreed upon the evening before, our combined force moved on Yazoo City, the object being to feel the enemy's position, and having determined his strength to decide then upon the policy of attempting to take the place. The Third Texas Regiment, of my command, being in advance, drove in the enemy's pickets and advanced to within two hundred yards of a strong redoubt on the Plank road, which was held by the Eleventh and 109th Illinois Regiments consolidated.

The Ninth Texas being directed to the left took position on a fortified hill to the south of this redoubt and about 500 yards distant.

In the meantime, General Richardson, with his own and two (2) regiments of my command, had borne to the right, taking a road that leaves the Plank road, one and a half miles from Yazoo City, leading into the northeast corner of the town, and had occupied another hill to the south of and six hundred (600) yards distant from the redoubt on the Plank road.

The artillery of both brigades being now in position and within easy

range of the enemy, opened brisk fire, many shells exploding within the redoubt, and must have done much execution, but failed to drive the enemy from his position.

Finding this to be the case, General Richardson pushed forward his column, and occupied the town, driving all opposition before him.

The enemy in the redoubt were now completely surrounded, and their capture seemed inevitable. I demanded a surrender, and being refused, we decided to again concentrate our artillery upon the redoubt at short range, hoping to drive them out with shell, for, to have assaulted the place would have been a sacrifice of more men than it was worth.

We had now undisputed possession of Yazoo city, except a warehouse immediately on the river bank, in which a few of the enemy were crouching under the protection of their gunboats.

General Richardson had fired a large lot of cotton which the Yankees had collected for transportation down the river, and destroyed a large quantity of quartermaster and commissary stores.

The hospitals of the enemy, with all his wounded (some thirty in number), were in our possession, together with eighteen prisoners, and a large number of horses and mules. We had accomplished all that could be effected by holding the city, and therefore decided to withdraw our forces therefrom, which was effected quietly and without confusion. The enemy in the redoubt seeing this movement in town, and thinking we were retreating, sallied out and attempted to charge the two regiments in their front, but were quickly repulsed. About this time two transports arrived with reinforcements, upon which it was decided to withdraw all our forces, which we did, retiring to our former encampment near Benton.

The following morning the enemy all left Yazoo city, evidently anticipating a renewal of the attack. My command had acted most gallantly throughout the day, and indeed during the entire campaign on the Yazoo river. Men and officers displayed true courage. To them their country is indebted for any success that may have attended our efforts.

To Brigadier-General Richardson I am under obligations for his ready and zealous coöperation in the attack on Yazoo city. This truly gallant officer is an honor to the service, and a noble exponent of unflinching fidelity to the South.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

L. S. Ross, *Brigadier-General.*

To Captain George Moorman,

Assistant Adjutant-General Jackson's Cavalry Division.

REPORT OF GENERAL FERGUSON.

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
CALHOUN STATION, March 31, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the cavalry under my command from the 28th of January to the present time. On the 26th of January, in obedience to telegraphic orders received late at night, the Second Tennessee battalion, my brigade, was ordered to report to Major-General Forrest; the Twelfth battalion, Mississippi cavalry, then on a scout to the line of the M. & C. railroad, was recalled, and the commanding officer directed to join me at Jackson by the most direct route; Owens's battery was ordered from Aberdeen to Egypt Station, at which point its guns and baggage, and the baggage of the balance of the brigade, were shipped to Jackson in charge of the dismounted men and the sick. On the 28th of January, having relieved myself of every incumbrance, I broke camp and marched with my command for Jackson, but on reaching Canton (February 3d), in obedience to telegraphic orders there received, I moved rapidly to Clinton to meet the advancing columns of the enemy, sending artillery horses and horses of men who came by cars direct to Jackson.

On the morning after I reached Clinton (February 5th, '64), with a command very much reduced in numbers, the enemy approached that place, and I received orders to fall back so as to cover the roads to Canton and Madison Station, which I at once obeyed.

I remained in line of battle, covering these roads, in sight of the enemy, until near sunset, when I withdrew my command some eight miles and went into camp for the night. On the following morning I marched to Madison Station, where I remained during that and the following days. From this point that portion of Miller's regiment in camp was sent on a reconnoissance to Jackson, which duty was promptly and efficiently accomplished. This command did not rejoin me until the 14th of February. At daylight on the 8th ultimo I marched for Morton, crossing Pearl river at Smith's Ferry, and reached that point with the advance of my column by sunrise the next day. The enemy was, however, ahead of me and skirmishing at once began, and was continued until the volleys of musketry and the presence of infantry in some force satisfied me that it was impossible for me to get between him and General Polk's rear. Accordingly I withdrew my command, leaving a squadron on the Morton road to cover the movement, and

proceeded by the most direct route to Hillsboro. At this point I found General Polk, and was directed to ascertain, first, whether or not the enemy was advancing in force on Hillsboro, from nearest railroad station, and afterwards to push on with my command so as to reach Newton Station before the enemy and cover the embarkation of General French's division on the cars.

Having ascertained that the enemy was not advancing that day on Hillsboro, but had fallen back some little distance, I left Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, temporarily under my command, at Hillsboro to cover General Loring's rear, and made a forced march for Newton Station, which point I reached early on the following morning (10th February) and in the vicinity of which I remained during that day and until the following afternoon, when, by General Lee's order, I struck across the country to get between General Loring's rear and the enemy's advance, then near Decatur. This I accomplished by a tiresome and difficult night-march, over roads little travelled and covered up with pine straw, and the next morning (12th February) met the enemy at Chunkey river. From this time until I left the vicinity of Old Marion, on the afternoon of the 18th of February, my command was almost continually engaged with the enemy, the skirmishing at times being kept up until after dark.

On the morning of the 20th of February, I left Almucha to reinforce General Forrest. On reaching Macon General Adams's brigade was temporarily placed under my command, thus giving me a division, with which, by forced marches I reached Starkesville on the 22d of February.

On the 24th February, in obedience to orders from General Lee, I moved my command south to attack General Sherman's retreating column, in flank, on the east of Pearl river.

From information received at Louisville, I changed my plan of operations, and having crossed the Yockanuckamy at La Floor's Ferry, soon encountered the foraging parties of the enemy, which were at once driven in with a loss to them of seven (7) killed and thirty eight (38) captured; to me of one officer and one man wounded. On the following day General Adams's brigade was sent off to operate on the left flank of the enemy and south and west of Canton, and acting under General Jackson's orders, I pushed on directly in the enemy's rear and skirmished with him until he passed beyond Livingston on the 3d March. The next day I marched my exhausted command to Madison Station and went into camp.

I have thus succinctly given a report of operations extending over a

distance of nearly four hundred miles, and under difficulties that severely taxed the fortitude and patriotism of my men. At all times prompt to respond to every order, they boldly engaged the advance of a large and confident army, and unflinchingly held their position until ordered off the field. I regret to say I lost some men by desertion on the route, but with a well organized court this evil can be corrected in the future. To the officers and men of my command who remained with me, and to the officers of my staff, my thanks are due for the zeal and ardor displayed in the performance of their several duties.

I append a list of casualties.

I have the honor Major, to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. W. FERGUSON, *Brigadier General.*

Major William Elliott,

Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, Canton, Miss.

REPORT OF GENERAL ADAMS.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,

March 12th, 1864.

Captain,—In obedience to orders from division headquarters, requiring a report of the operations of my brigade, during the recent advance of the enemy from Big Black to Meridian, I have the honor to submit the following:

My command having just returned from East Louisiana, whither it repaired under orders from Lieutenant-General Polk, directing me "to threaten Baton Rouge or Manchac," reached, by two days' forced marches, the vicinity of Raymond on the afternoon of the 28th of January.

I was then met by orders from division headquarters to watch closely all the ferries and approaches in the direction of Big Black, south of the railroad bridge, in anticipation of the expected advance of the enemy, and in case he crossed to advance and oppose him, offering all the resistance and at points as near the river as possible.

On the evening of the 3d February, at 6 P. M., I received intelligence from my scouts that the enemy was crossing in force at the railroad bridge and advancing towards Bolton's. I immediately mounted my command, consisting of eight hundred (800) men and a rifled section of King's Battery, and moved beyond Raymond, on the Edwards's Depot Road.

Halting until four o'clock next morning, I again put my command

in motion, marching rapidly towards Bolton's, one mile beyond which I took position; sending Colonel Wood's regiment forward to reconnoitre and ascertain certainly whether the enemy was moving on the Raymond or Bolton Road.

Near Champion Hill, Colonel Wood encountered a dismounted cavalry force, which, after a brief skirmish, was gallantly charged by Captain Muldron's squadron, killing and wounding a number, and capturing eight (8) prisoners. Colonel Wood reported to me that the enemy's cavalry force was on the Raymond Road and consequently moving on my left flank. I at once detached Colonel Dumontiel, and instructed him to move his regiment, Fourteenth Confederate, down the road on which I had come to the junction of the two roads, and hold the enemy in check, reporting to me his numbers movements, &c. With this force he soon became engaged, skirmishing briskly for several hours. I also sent Major Stockdale directly across a field to the same road, to take the enemy in flank, but he encountered an infantry and artillery force, from which he was compelled to retire, bringing off several prisoners.

The main infantry column of the enemy soon afterwards advanced upon the Bolton's Road, deploying a strong line of skirmishers and using one piece of artillery. He was held in check for several hours at this point by Wood's regiment and Stockdale's battalion, dismounted. Nothing could excel the unflinching courage and steadiness of these commands, eliciting at the time the commendation of the Major-General commanding.

About 3 o'clock P. M., the greatly superior force of the enemy having failed to dislodge them, a brigade of infantry, marching in column, was pushed across the creek on my extreme left, and moved rapidly towards some buildings which crowned an eminence on my left. At the same time he advanced in line of battle directly against my front.

The position being no longer tenable, I was ordered to withdraw my command across Baker's Creek Bridge, half a mile in my rear, and send two squadrons of Colonel Wood's regiment to check the enemy's advance on my left. Leaving Major Akins Ninth Tennessee battalion to cover the withdrawal of the command across the bridge, I removed the remainder as promptly as possible. Major Bridges, with two escort companies, supported by Captain Muldron's squadron of Wood's regiment, soon became warmly engaged with the enemy on the left, driving him from the buildings on the hill, but strong reinforcements coming up he was obliged to relinquish them soon afterwards. At this point fell Major Bridges, Lieutenant Wilson and eight men.

I next took position on the Bolton and Clinton road, one mile from that just relinquished.

The enemy advanced in four lines of battle across the field I had just left, but did not advance beyond Baker's Creek that evening.

Throwing out a strong picket and numerous scouts on my front and flanks, I withdrew my command one mile, to Mr. Thomas's plantation, where I fed my horses and encamped for the night.

Before daylight on the morning of the 5th of February, I resumed my position, directing Captain King to train his rifled pieces on the bridge over Baker's Creek, eight hundred yards in my front, and posted Colonel Griffith's Arkansas regiment on the right, and Major Stockdale's battalion on the left, both dismounted as supports for the artillery. I held Colonel Wood and Colonel Dumontiel in reserve—the former dismounted and forming a second line—the latter mounted and in column in the road. At 7 A. M., the enemy advanced in column across the bridge in my front, when I directed Captain King to open fire with his two rifled pieces, which did not, however, check the enemy.

He pressed steadily forward, deploying to the right and left in the open field. A rapid artillery fire was maintained for some time, and when within range, Colonel Griffith and Major Stockdale engaged his whole line, offering the most determined and stubborn resistance and maintaining their position to the last moment. Colonel Griffith and Major Stockdale, as usual, distinguishing themselves by their gallant and fearless bearing. After offering all the resistance possible to the largely superior force of the enemy, I withdrew Colonel Griffith's and Major Stockdale's commands, ordering Colonel Wood to cover the movement. Colonel Wood was released by Colonel Dumontiel and Major Akin successively, as the command retired in perfect order along the Clinton road.

When near Clinton, I was ordered by the Major-General commanding to hold the enemy in check until Colonel Starke's brigade, coming in on the Queen's Hill road, could pass through the town. After the passage of this command, I moved through Clinton, taking the Jackson road beyond. Two miles east of Clinton, I again took position on the eastern limit of an extended open field, and was joined by a section of Craft's and a section of Waties's South Carolina battery. The enemy soon showed himself on my front, but advanced cautiously. His line of skirmishers was promptly driven back by the artillery, the practice of which was excellent. After the lapse of two hours and a careful reconnaissance, he moved an infantry column out of view by a road one mile to my right, and falling into the Jackson road two miles in my

rear. Advancing a six-gun battery at the same time, with a strong infantry support to a commanding elevation on my front and left, and two twenty-pound Parrots in my front, he opened a rapid and vigorous fire of artillery, pushing forward at the same time a strong line of skirmishers under cover of a wood from the column moving past my right.

As the enemy showed no inclination to advance in my front, and my artillery was seriously endangered by the column turning my position, I ordered the artillery and supports to withdraw, following with the remainder of the command. In passing the points where the road on my right entered the Jackson road, the enemy poured a severe volley into Major Stockdale's battalion, acting as a rear-guard.

Colonel Wood's regiment was immediately moved back to his support, but the enemy was so posted as to prevent any effective movement against him.

I then moved my command on the Jackson road, and again took position three-and-a-half miles west of the city, with a broad open field in my front.

Against this the enemy did not advance, but throwing forward an infantry and cavalry force on a road a mile to the left, pushed immediately for Jackson. After an irregular artillery fire at scattering parties of the enemy, I was ordered to withdraw by a lateral road towards the Canton road, the enemy having gained, near nightfall, the road between me and Jackson.

This was done without loss. In these various positions taken between Champions Hill and Jackson, and the severe checks given the enemy, I cannot commend too highly the alacrity, courage and steadiness of my officers and men. They could not have acquitted themselves better. On the march from Pearl river to Meridian but one opportunity was offered of striking the enemy. This was at Decatur, and was discovered by a bold reconnoissance in person of the Major-General commanding. The enemy's wagon train halting in the suburbs of the town, I directed Colonel Wood to make a dash at it with two squadrons, which was executed in gallant style, killing and wounding a number of the enemy, and killing the teams of a large number of wagons.

A heavy infantry force in front and rear of the train precluded all hopes of bringing them off. In these various affairs from Champion Hill to Decatur, I sustained a loss of 129 killed, wounded and missing, and 143 horses.

Marching from Alamucha to Starkesville and hence to Canton, I was ordered by General Jackson to pass that place, then occupied by the

enemy, and operate upon his left flank in his march towards Vicksburg. This was done on the 29th ultimo and 1st and 2d instant, resulting in killing and capturing about sixty of the enemy, and the capture of thirty-three (33) horses, two wagons and teams and a number of small arms.

In these affairs, Major Stockdale, Captain Muldron and Captain Yerger were the most conspicuous and gallant participants. I have to lament the loss of Captain McGruder, of the Fourth Mississippi, who fell seriously if not mortally wounded, whilst leading a charge near Canton.

I am indebted to Captain F. W. Keyes, Captain A. T. Bowie and Lieutenant George Scott, of my staff, and Lieutenant George Yerger, who volunteered his services, for efficient and valuable assistance.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WIRT ADAMS,
Brigadier-General.

Captain George Moorman,
A. A. Gen'l J. C. D.

Memoir of First Maryland Regiment.

By General B. T. JOHNSON.

No. I.

BALTIMORE, April 29, 1881.

[NOTE.—This memoir of the First Maryland regiment, its campaigns and its marches, its services and its aspirations, was written in December, 1862, and January, 1863. It was intended to have been posthumous, as at that time, the probability of my surviving the war, was remote. It is an explanation of the causes which led to the formation of the Maryland organization in the Confederate army, of the hopes which that organization represented, and of the dreams which controlled those of us who looked to an ultimate accession of Maryland to the Confederacy. It was hurriedly written, in the midst of the trying winter of 1862-63, while I was acting as member of a court-martial at Richmond, and I have thought it best not to rewrite or correct it. I submit it in the rough form in which it was first written—appropriate to the times and temper which gave it birth.

Most of it is on Confederate paper and all of it in Confederate ink, which in some places is almost illegible.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.]

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

The election of Abraham Lincoln brought on the issue between North and South, which sagacious men had foreseen for years, and which the events of the two preceding presidential terms had shown to superficial observers to be near at hand.

While the more distant Southern States were moving promptly in defence of their institutions, the people of Maryland were not behind hand in such steps, as their political and geographical position enabled them to take. Their situation was peculiar. The people intensely Southern, with all their hearts, with their brethren of the Cotton States, they were on the frontier of the immense Northern empire exposed to the first assaults of its powers, with the certainty of being overwhelmed in the first shock of arms, and while they were ready to make common cause with the seceding States, the uncertainty of the action of the middle States—North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee—rendered it impossible to concert any action with those on the Gulf until the intervening States had taken their position. At the same time large portions of the people were unable to appreciate the presence of the crisis, and still clung to the hope that the storm might blow over and the Union be preserved. Once convinced that it was lost, they would have been nearly unanimous in taking sides with the South. While this was the condition of the people, the State Government occupied a position more equivocal. Thomas Holliday Hicks thrust into the gubernatorial chair against the popular vote by the fraud and bloodshed of the clubs of Baltimore, was regarded by many as utterly unworthy of belief or trust. His political antecedents made him an object not of distrust, but of absolute aversion and contempt to a large portion of the Southern men. On the other hand, a small, but respectable part of them, believed him to be true at heart to the South. This part was strong, from its political and social position, and by it the remainder was obliged to be checked in order to procure harmonious action.

The legislature was known to be nearly unanimously true to the South. Under these circumstances, all that could be done was to apply to the governor to convene the legislature in extra session, which was done in the latter part of November. On the 3d of December, 1860, he replied with the first of those remarkable specimens of subterfuge, which he subsequently followed up with such masterpieces as have embalmed his reputation as a trickster among the most distinguished that history records.

In a letter to Governor Pratt, he declined *at that time* to convene the legislature, because he was in correspondence with the governors of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, as to the best means of preserving the rights of the South, and at the same time most solemnly asseverated his entire devotion to the South, calling God to witness that he would be first to shoulder his musket to protect the South from invasion.

A large body of the people believed his professions, and indeed it was difficult to make them appreciate treachery so great. He was a slaveholder himself, born and living in a slaveholding county, and in old party times had always acted with that wing of the Whig party, which had been intensely Southern in its views and acts. But the revolution moved on, and the people became impatient at his inaction.

They insisted that their representatives should meet, so as to act for them as occasion might require. If Virginia seceded, then to join Maryland to Virginia in one common destiny, for weal or for woe. If the Middle States submitted, then to place Maryland side by side with them in protecting the Gulf States from war.

With this view, St. Mary's and Charles counties provided for elections of delegates to a sovereign convention to take place in January. Frederick held a meeting on the 8th, issued an address, calling the convention for the 22d February, and elected delegates to it.

The lead was followed, and on the 22d February that body met in Baltimore city, composed of the best men of the State—without regard to old party lines. But its action was trammelled. Hicks was out in another publication, most solemnly avowing his devotion to the South, and his fixed determination never to allow the soil of Maryland to be polluted by the tread of northern soldiers marching against the South.

The Middle States had not moved. Indeed, so far as Virginia had expressed an opinion or taken a position, through her convention then in session at Richmond, it had been against the acts of the Cotton States. Nothing could be done but to watch and wait. The convention therefore appointed commissioners to proceed to Richmond to learn, if possible, the probable action of Virginia and report to an adjourned meeting to be held in Baltimore on the 15th March, proximo.

On that day the body convened again, but the conference with Virginia had led to nothing. No one in Richmond was able to indicate the future action of the State, but as far as could be gathered it seemed probable that the convention would submit to Lincoln, while the people would resist, and thus involve the State at once in revolution and civil

war. The Baltimore convention was paralyzed. It could do nothing. The younger members, convinced that Virginia would eventually be forced into the war, insisted upon preparing the people, organizing minute-men, collecting and distributing arms and ammunition, and placing affairs in such a train that the blow once struck in Maryland would rouse the neighbouring States and involve them all in one common cause. The older and more cautious portion were opposed to this and only suggested waiting for Virginia. They had no other plan.

They were told that Virginia might linger until we were overpowered, and then it would be too late, but they were unable to perceive the crisis, and refused to co-operate. The Convention consequently adjourned without action. But the more ardent spirits threw their energies into the work. They organized companies, formed bands of minute men, and prepared for action as quietly and as rapidly as possible. Here again the unspeakable treachery of Hicks was displayed. The Legislature at its session had provided for arming 10,000 minute men, but with foolish confidence had given the disbursement of the fund and the distribution of the arms into the hands of the Governor. When applied to now for them he alleged he had not yet received them—that he did not have them to distribute. On the 19th of April they were taken from his agent in Baltimore to be used against the common enemy.

While the cauldron of popular passion was thus seething in Maryland, Lincoln's proclamation, calling for 75,000 men, came out, Virginia seceded, Harper's Ferry was taken, and, be it known, in the capture were assistants from the neighboring counties in Maryland. The fires on the Potomac lighted all that mountain country, and Catoctin then was as ready to offer her sons as she had done of yore.

On the 19th of April a Massachusetts regiment passing through Baltimore was set upon by *unarmed* citizens and hunted in ignominious rout from the city, the miserable cravens allowing themselves to be stoned through the streets. The attack was unpremeditated, and made by unarmed men and boys. Had there been any concert of action, or any preparation, neither man nor officer would have lived to tell the tale.

But the shots fired then by the enemy rang through the State. Everywhere old and young—Whig, Democrat, Know-Nothing, Union men—sprang to arms and commenced pouring towards Baltimore. Early Saturday morning Captain Bradley T. Johnson brought in a company of minute men from Frederick. Then Captain Nicholas seized Pikesville Arsenal with his company; Captain Bond, of Anne-

Arundle, took possession of the Annapolis Junction; Captain Gaither, of Howard, brought out his fine troop; Captain Nicholas Snowden patrolled the road from Annapolis to Washington and captured Lincoln's bearer of dispatches, whom he sent by an officer to Hicks, who immediately released him. Everywhere through the counties the young men armed and organized.

Then Hicks convened the Legislature to meet at Frederick "because the State Capitol would not be safe," and in public meeting in Monument Square "called God to witness that he hoped his right arm might drop from its socket if he ever raised it against Virginia and the South."

The Legislature met, ripe for action, but the same temporizing policy that had paralyzed preparations in the State before, now prevented action in that body. Three-fourths were ready to act—to appoint a Committee of Public Safety, to organize a State Guard, to appropriate \$5,000,000 to arm and defend the State, and to form an alliance with Virginia. But a small body of influential, honorable, and sincere members were opposed to *hasty action*. They dallied and delayed and lost a *week*. A *week* in war, never to be recovered. A *week* in Revolution—a century in the tranquil current of civil affairs. They sent commissioners to Washington to parley with Lincoln. He parleyed—but Scott pushed his troops through by way of Annapolis, while at Chambersburg and Harrisburg, on our Northern frontier, he massed other columns. His cavalry marched acrossed from Carlisle to Georgetown. A week's delay and all was lost in Maryland by way of an appeal to arms—40,000 men in Washington and Annapolis to control Baltimore and the lower counties—and heavy masses in border. Pennsylvania to be precipitated on Frederick, Washington and Carroll, when necessary, these effectually crushed out hopes of organized resistance there. From that day to this, Maryland has never been without a garrison equal to 30,000 to 40,000 men.

When the disastrous delay of Virginia and the Middle States, and the want of preparation of our own people, had reduced us to this condition—many persons thought they had but one alternative with honor. This was, temporarily leaving home and friends, to carry the flag of Maryland with the Southern army, and then rallying around it such Maryland men as could be collected together, to form a body which should try to represent the ancestral honor of that old Line which before them, in another Revolution, had illustrated the fame of the State.

Such a Maryland organization would form the nucleus of future

effort, for the redemption of home, would be a common centre of communication with Maryland—would keep alive the sympathies of the South towards our cause—and would be, in the varying fortunes of war, the connecting link between Maryland and the South.

It would be the sole remaining representative of the chivalry, the high-toned honor, the freedom of the "LAND OF THE SANCTUARY," and friends and relations, and well-wishers at home would point to it with pride, as their representative.

By these persons, with such motives, was formed the

FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT.

As soon as the Legislature assembled in Frederick, the Hon. James M. Mason came there, authorized as commissioner from Virginia to enter into any compact which it might be willing to make with that Commonwealth. When it became apparent that the time for action was lost, Captain Bradley T. Johnson, who resided in that city, procured from him authority to raise troops for the Southern army, and immediately proceeded to Harper's Ferry, where he obtained Colonel Jackson's permission, who was then in command there, to rendezvous and ration his men at the Point of Rocks, the most available point for that section of Maryland.

On the 8th of May, 1861, Captain Johnson marched his company out of Frederick, and proceeded to Virginia, opposite the Point of Rocks, where he reported to Captain Turner Ashby, then in command at that post. On the 9th he was joined by Captain C. C. Edelin, with a company which had marched from Baltimore. The same day Captain Price arrived at Harper's Ferry, also from Baltimore; and in the course of a few days Captain Wilson C. Nicholas, of Baltimore county—Captain James R. Herbert, who had been Captain of the Independent Greys, Baltimore city. Captain Holbroke and Captain Wellmore also reached Harper's Ferry. Captain McCoy first came to the Point of Rocks but soon went to Harper's Ferry.

On, or about the 18th May, the companies organized themselves into a battalion, numbering four hundred and fifty men, of eight companies, as follows:

Company A, Captain Johnson; Company B, Captain Edelin; Company C, Captain Price; Company D, Captain Herbert; Company E, Captain McCoy; Company F, Captain Holbroke; Company G, Captain Nicholas; Company H, Captain Wellmore.

And placed Captain Johnson in temporary command, he having been first in Virginia.

On the 21st May, Lieutenant-Colonel George Deas, Confederate States Army, mustered Companies A and B into service at the Point of Rocks, and the next day mustered in the other six companies into the service of the Confederate States.

As soon as the battalion was mustered in, Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, under escort of Captain Nicholas, and Second-Lieutenant Shearer, Company A, started for North Carolina to endeavor to procure arms and equipments for it. Proceeding to Leesburg, it was found impossible to go farther, as the enemy had that day taken possession of Alexandria. Returning, she then went by way of Winchester and Strasburg to Richmond and Raleigh. She at once made an appeal to Governor Ellis, as representing her native State, who, after five minutes explanation, gave her rifles and accoutrements for five hundred men. Not satisfied with this, the convention of North Carolina, then in session, contributed a large sum of money, which was further increased by citizens of Raleigh and Petersburg. Bringing with her the arms from North Carolina, in Richmond she called on Governor Letcher, who promptly furnished her with camp equipage, clothing, shoes, nine hundred uniforms, and other necessities. With the money placed in her hands, she purchased tents, and returned to Harper's Ferry, where she had the proud satisfaction of equipping and arming nearly five hundred men, after an absence of fourteen days.

How those arms were used, and what service they did, remains to be seen in the course of this narrative. But while this organization was taking place at Harper's Ferry, other companies were forming in Richmond. Lieutenant E. R. Dorsey, adjutant of the Baltimore City Guard, had formed a company which was mustered into service on the 17th May. Captain William H. Murray, of the Maryland Guard, was mustered in on the 17th, and Captain W. S. Robertson on the 15th June. Captain Lyle J. Clark also had a fine company, which eventually became part of the Twenty-first Virginia.

After the battalion was thus armed, Colonel Jackson ordered Captain Johnson to proceed with it to the Maryland Heights and there support Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan, who was there with the First Kentucky. Owing to a change in the command, by General Joseph E. Johnston having relieved Colonel Jackson, this order was but partially executed, only company A, and parts of companies C, E, and F marched to the Heights. General Johnston, upon taking command, placed the battalion in charge of Captain George H. Steuart, a Maryland officer of the United States cavalry, who had distinguished himself in the frontier war; for whom General Johnston had a high appreciation, which

was abundantly justified by the subsequent history of the regiment.

On the 15th June the whole battalion having been collected, it started on its first march on the evacuation of Harper's Ferry. The weather was intensely hot, and the roads dusty, but the men, though suffering themselves, were too much amused at the straggling marching of the other troops to mind it. They camped that night near Charlestown and the next near Bunker Hill.

On the 17th June news flew through the ranks that Patterson had crossed the Potomac and was approaching to give battle. This was the first flurry of war to the volunteers. Fences were levelled; troops massed or deployed; batteries held together to be put in position; cavalry galloped to and fro, and all the usual preliminaries to battle gone through with. But it was an unfounded anticipation. Patterson hearing of our approach precipitately retreated and recrossed the river, while Johnston marched leisurely towards Winchester.

The first blood of this second revolution was shed by Maryland men on the 19th of April, and the battalion hoped to take part in a second battle of the 17th June at Bunker Hill.

When the army arrived near Winchester it was brigaded and the battalion placed in the Third brigade, Brigadier-General Bernard E. Bee. While here the condition of the men and officers was most deplorable. They had all come from home without a change of clothes—a months campaign about Harper's Ferry and the march had destroyed their shoes and their apparel. The new uniforms and clothing procured by Mrs. Johnson, in Richmond, had not yet arrived and they were as ragged and tattered as Falstaff's crew. Notwithstanding this they were selected by General Johnston to return to Harper's Ferry and finish the destruction of some buildings left there. On the 16th June the First Maryland regiment was organized by adding Captain Dorsey's and Captain Murray's companies to the battalion, and the appointment of Arnold Elzey, a gallant and able officer of United States artillery, Colonel; George H. Steuart, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Bradley T. Johnson, Major. At the time of the above order from General Johnston, Colonel Elzey and the two companies from Richmond, had not arrived. The battalion consequently marched from Winchester under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart.

Near Harper's Ferry he divided it, entering the place on one side with four companies, while Major Johnson, with the remaining four, entered the other, after saving 70,000 seasoned gun stocks, and sending them off by the cars. The rifle factory, and other United States property, was fired and burnt on the return of the command to Win-

chester. General Johnston complimented it in the following order :

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, June 22d, 1864.

Special Order.

"The Commanding-General thanks Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart and the Maryland regiment for the faithful and exact manner in which they carried out his orders of the 19th instant, at Harper's Ferry. He is glad to learn that, owing to their discipline, no private property was injured, and no unoffending citizens disturbed. The soldierly qualities of the Maryland regiment will not be forgotten in the days of action."

By order of General Johnson.

WM. H. WHITING, *Insp't Gen'l.*

On the 24th of June, Colonel Elzey having arrived, was placed in command of the Fourth brigade, consisting of his own regiment, First Maryland, Thirteenth Virginia, Colonel A. P. Hill; Tenth Virginia, Colonel Gibbons; Third Tennessee, Colonel Vaughan, and the Newtown battery, temporary in charge of Lieutenant Beckham, a young West Point officer of ability. The regiment left Camp Bee, on the Martinsburg road, and joined the brigade at Camp Johnston, on the Romney road, on the outskirts of Winchester. Here, during the last days of June, a further reorganization of the regiment took place; W. W. Goldsborough, a private in Captain Dorsey's company, and an excellent soldier, was elected Captain of Company A, *vice* Major Johnson promoted and Lieutenant J. Louis Smith, Company G, who had distinguished himself during the Harper's Ferry expedition, was made Captain. Company F, Captain Holbrook taking the place of First Lieutenant of Companies C and H, Captains Price and Wellmore, not having the legal quota, were distributed among the other companies, which were then filled up to an average strength of about eighty.

The regiment thus organized was composed of Company A, Captain W. W. Goldsborough: First Lieutenant, G. K. Shellman; Second Lieutenants, Charles W. Blair and G. M. E. Shearer. Company B, Captain C. C. Edelin: First Lieutenant, James Mullen; Second Lieutenant, Thomas Costello. Company C, Captain E. R. Dorsey: First Lieutenant, S. H. Stewart; Second Lieutenants, R. C. Smith and William Thomas. Company D, Captain James R. Herbert: First Lieutenant, G. W. Booth; Second Lieutenants, W. Key Howard and Nicholas Snowden. Company E, Captain H. McCoy: First Lieutenant, E. W. O'Brien; Second Lieutenants, Jos. G. W. Marriott and John

Cushing. Company F, Captain J. Louis Smith: First Lieutenant, Thomas Holbrook; Second Lieutenants, Jos. Stewart and W. J. Broadfoot. Company G, Captain Wilson C. Nicholas: First Lieutenant, Alexander Cross; Second Lieutenant, E. P. Deppish. Company H, Captain William H. Murray: First Lieutenant, George Thomas; Second Lieutenants, F. X. Ward and R. Gilmor.

On the 1st of July the army marched for Martinsburg to meet Patterson. On the 2d it reached Darksville, seven miles from that place, where it remained the 3d, 4th and 5th in order of battle, waiting the approach of the enemy, but Patterson was content with the capture of Martinsburg and declined the challenge, and on the 6th the forces again returned to Winchester, where they remained until the 18th.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By General JAMES H. LANE.

CAMPAIGN OF 1864—ANECDOTES ABOUT CAPTAIN G. G. HOLLAND, TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

Captain Gold G. Holland, of North Carolina, though a postmaster, a magistrate and over the conscript age, would avail himself of none of these excuses to keep out of the army, but voluntarily entered the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment as a private, and rendered himself so conspicuous by his gallantry that he soon won the respect and admiration of the whole brigade, though he knew scarcely anything about tactics. As an officer, he preferred to fare like his men, and always marched with his knapsack on his shoulders, and sometimes he would carry a frying-pan and a camp-stool with him. He was blessed with good health, and though he was in most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, he never was wounded. During the summer of 1864, he was thrown in command of his regiment, and when it was advancing under fire, on the north side of the James, he rushed in front of it, and extending both hands—sword in right and frying-pan in left—exclaimed, "I command the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment—men, follow me." The regiment did follow him and did noble work that day.

Not long afterwards, he took a very active part in that glorious charge made by Cooke's, McRae's and Lane's brigades, all North Carolina troops, on Hancock's fortified position at Reams's Station. He was among the first of his brigade to mount the enemy's works, and finding

them filled with troops, he yelled out, "Yankees, if you know what is best for you, you had better make a blue streak towards sunset." The Captain had the satisfaction of seeing a long streak of blue coats pass over the works towards sunset as prisoners of war. The old patriot pushed on, and was soon after seen in an ambulance driving back a pair of spirited horses, in "two-twenty style," which he had captured under fire of the enemy's second line of battle.

BRILLIANT DASH OF THE SHARPSHOOTERS ON THE ENEMY'S SKIRMISH LINE.

Soon after my return to the army, and while we were camped on the outskirts of Petersburg, near "Battery 45," Major Wooten commanding our sharpshooters, asked permission to attack, at night, the enemy's skirmish line at a dwelling owned by Mr. Davis, immediately in our front. Permission was granted, and the attack was made without any loss whatever on our side, while the Major emptied the enemy's rifle-pits of so large a number of prisoners, he and his command were complimented in a *special* written communication from Army or Corps Headquarters, I have now forgotten which. The enemy subsequently burnt the residence at which the attack was made.

This was the beginning of a series of dashes made by Major Wooten and his picked men, on the enemy's skirmish line during the following winter, known to us as Wooten's seine-haulings, in all of which he was very successful, and never lost a man.

BATTLE OF JONES'S FARM.

On the morning of the 30th of September, troops from the right of the line were ordered by General Lee to the north side of the James to support the forces then and there engaged, and the new works near the Pegram House were necessarily left to be defended by a weak skirmish line of dismounted cavalry. After crossing the Appomattox and marching beyond Ettricks, we were ordered back, as our right was threatened.

That afternoon my brigade was formed in line of battle to the right of the road leading to the Jones House, and another of Wilcox's brigades was formed on the left. The enemy were driving our cavalry skirmishers back so rapidly, that Major Wooten, to cover the formation of my line, was compelled to deploy his sharpshooters at a double quick and push rapidly forward. This he did so quickly, so handsomely, and with the capture of so many prisoners, that it elicited the outspoken

admiration of a large group of general officers who witnessed the gallant dash. One of them remarked that it was the handsomest thing of the kind he had seen during the war.

My line was formed just beyond a stream of water, and the ground in front, particularly on the right, was rising, and served, somewhat, to shelter my men. I put the Thirty-third regiment on the right, as I feared a flank movement in that direction, and I had unbounded confidence in the bravery, coolness, and judgment of its Colonel, R. V. Cowan. I made known my fears to Cowan and instructed him, should such a movement be attempted, to manœuvre his regiment at once to meet it and not to await orders from me. Not long after leaving him, and a short time before the general advance, there was heard a volley and a shout on the right. A large body of the enemy had formed perpendicular to Wooten's line of skirmishers, under the impression, I suppose, that it was my line of battle, and were advancing rapidly. But Cowan was on the alert, his men were brought to attention, and when the Yankee line was nearly opposite his colors, he moved his command to the top of the hill, and with a well directed, converging, flank fire, broke the whole line and sent them back in great disorder into the hands of our cavalry, which had been posted still further to the right.

We encountered the main body of the enemy at the Jones House, and after a short but obstinate resistance, drove them back, in the greatest confusion, to the Pegram House. I never saw a richer battle field, as oil-cloths, blankets, knapsacks and the like, were scattered in every direction by the retreating foe; some of whom in their flight actually cut their knapsacks from their shoulders, as evidenced by the appearance of the straps.

In passing through the garden I had occasion to order forward a man who had stopped to plunder, when a *real* soldier arose from one of the walks to my left and said that he was neither a plunderer nor skulker, but was there with his brother who had just been wounded. I went to him, and finding that his brother had been shot through the head, was unconscious and was dying, I replied, you know the orders—the ambulance corps is detailed to take care of all such cases—but as I know what it is to lose a brother under similar circumstances I cannot order you forward. I passed on, and when about to enter the woods beyond the garden, this brave fellow overtook me and remarked, "Here I am, General, I have thought over what you said and I am going to the front." He did go quickly forward, and I soon lost sight of him, as my presence was required on the right, where my flank was again

threatened. I am sorry I cannot give the name of this hero—I only know now that he belonged to the gallant old 7th.

When we had closed with the enemy at the Jones House, McRae's North Carolina brigade, which had been formed in our rear as a support, rushed forward to participate in the fight. Some of my own command requested that they should be kept back, as they were not needed, but this was not done, and the two brigades fought together for the rest of the day. We captured a large number of prisoners in this engagement.

My Aid, Lieutenant Everard B. Meade, and my Brigade-Inspector, Captain E. T. Nicholson, two accomplished officers and gentlemen, displayed great gallantry on this occasion, and were of very great assistance to me, particularly as my physical condition was such as to prevent my moving about rapidly.

About dark we fell back to the edge of the woods—the Jones House side—where we slept on our arms.

ACTION AT PEGRAM HOUSE.

Next morning we advanced through the woods again and formed line of battle in full view of the enemy at the Pegram House. I was informed that our attack here on the 1st October was intended as a feint, and that the main attack would be made on the Squirrel Level road under General Heth. Soon after our line was formed Brander's artillery took position on our right and a little to our front, where it could enfilade the works then occupied by the enemy. Brander's fire was both destructive and demoralizing. As the enemy were rushing back in great disorder, the ever vigilant and courageous Wooten dashed among them with his brave sharpshooters, and brought back twice as many prisoners as he had men. Brander's artillerists seeing these prisoners, and thinking it was an advance of the enemy, turned their guns upon them and fired several times before they discovered their mistake. Some of the prisoners were wounded, and I think a few were killed; but all of our sharpshooters escaped unhurt. Major-General Wilcox was very near being killed by this fire.

Our main line of battle now advanced and took possession of the works where we were subjected to a very annoying fire from the fort to our left and front. Exposed to the rain we held these works until dark, and then returned to the line of works near the Jones House.

The whole brigade behaved nobly in these two engagements, and again proved themselves worthy of the high esteem of our Commanding General.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Not long after the fight at the Pegram House, we went into winter quarters. Our huts were built on each side of the road leading to the Jones House—our right resting near the residence of a widow lady named Banks; and our left extending a little beyond a dam thrown across the stream in front of our works.

List of Casualties in Lane's Brigade from May 5, 1864, to October 1, 1864.

NAMES OF BATTLES WITH DATES.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Wilderness, May 5th and 6th.....	3	40	16	213	5	138	24	391	415
Spotsylvania C. H., May 12th.....	6	41	10	106	13	294	29	441	470
Sharps shooting and shelling at Spotsylvania C. H., May 13th to 20th.....		1	1	1		4	1	6	7
Action near Spotsylvania C. H., May 21st.....	1	1	1	12		3	2	16	18
Jericho Ford, May 23.....	1	10	5	74		10	6	94	100
Action at Storr's farm on Tottapottamoi creek, May 31st.....		2	2	19			2	21	23
Turkey Ridge, near Gaines's Mill, June 3d to 12th.....	1	2	3	27			4	29	33
Action at Riddle's shop, near Frazier's farm, June 13th.....				5		2		7	7
Action 3 miles southeast of Petersburg, June 23d.....		7	4	46		5	4	56	62
Action in front of Petersburg, June 23d.....	1	5		12			1	17	18
Battle of Gravel Hill, July 28th.....	3	8	5	46	4	73	12	126	138
Battle of Fussell's Mills, on Darbytown road, August 16th to 18th.....	2	6	5	40	1	26	8	81	89
Battle of Reams's Station, August 25th.....	2	10	15	82		6	17	98	115
Battle of Jones's Farm, September 30th.....	1	8	10	87		5	11	100	111
Action at Pegram's farm, October 1st.....		4		8				12	12
Grand Total.....	21	145	77	786	23	566	121	1,497	1,618

REMARKS.—Down to Storr's farm this list was made from official reports. The remainder from written regimental and company lists of killed, wounded, &c., found in the Adjutant-General's desk after the war.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS, TWENTY-EIGHTH N. C. T.,
February 5th, 1864.

Captain,—Complying with the request of the officers and men of the Twenty-eighth regiment, it gives me pleasure to report to General Lane

that his gallant old regiment—knowing that the term of service for which it re-organized under his command would expire in September next, and believing that the cause in which it then enlisted so cheerfully, is just and righteous, and that it still demands the undivided efforts of all—has resolved to *re-enlist for the war*, adopting the resolutions of Company C, which are enclosed herewith.

I only embody the universal sentiment of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment, when I express the hope that the kindly relations, which have heretofore existed between it and its original Colonel, may be perpetuated, and that he may be spared to command us to the close of the war.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. H. A. SPEER,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., Assistant Adjutant-General.

RESOLUTIONS OF COMPANY C, TWENTY-EIGHTH N. C. T.

At a meeting held in Company C, Twenty-eighth North Carolina troops, January 30, 1864, Captain T. J. Linebarger was called to the chair, and Corporal G. A. Abernethy appointed secretary.

The object of the meeting having been explained by the President, Lieutenant M. A. Throneburg, and privates J. M. Grice and J. P. Little were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting.

Lieutenant Throneburg from the Committee on Resolutions reported and read the following preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The term of service for which we enlisted will expire in August next, and whereas, the exigencies of the services demand of every soldier to remain at his post and to do battle for his country's rights; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the officers and men of Company C, Twenty-eighth North Carolina troops, that we, believing our cause to be a holy and just one, do hereby pledge ourselves to re-enlist for the war; and do further declare our intention never to lay down our arms or abandon the struggle till our Government shall be recognized, our soil freed from the invader, our liberties secured, and peace restored to our bleeding country.

Resolved, That we earnestly request a general convention of the regiment to meet on Monday, February 1st, 1864.

Resolved, That the secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to Brigadier-General Lane; also a copy to Colonel Speer, with the request that they be published on parade this afternoon.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

T. J. LINEBARGER, *President*.

G. A. Abernethy, *Secretary*.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

CAMP OF THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT, N. C. T.
February 6th, 1864.

At a meeting of the Eigtheenth regiment, North Carolina troops, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been brought to our attention that our brothers in arms, actuated by the justice of the existing struggle for independence, a firm determination of true patriotism in its vindication, and an honest desire to assist our young nation in its establishment, have voluntarily tendered their services, with the solemn pledge of their lives, by a reenlistment for the period of the war; and whereas, animated by a like spirit of devotion to our sacred cause, we are determined that no regiment shall surpass us in rendering our arms effective to our country, or in evincing a true desire to uphold our leaders in our struggle; be it

Resolved, by the officers and soldiers of the 18th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, That we do cheerfully tender to the government our services for the period of the war, pledging our lives and our sacred honor, all that we possess—that we will never lay down our arms until the last enemy upon our soil shall be destroyed or driven from it.

Resolved, That the spirit of submission, which, we regret to say, seems to have seized the hearts of many bad men in North Carolina, will, if persisted in, prove ruinous to our cause, dangerous to our liberty, and disgraceful to the fair name of our State; we, therefore, express our entire disapprobation of the course of these traitors, and earnestly appeal to them to desist from their ruinous policy, and sustain our government and leaders.

Resolved, That in President Davis and Governor Vance we recognize the able statesmen, virtuous rulers and true patriots, and pledge ourselves to sustain them throughout these trying times.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our Brigadier-General; also to the Fayetteville *Observer* and Wilmington *Journal*, with a request that they be published.

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE,

February 6th, 1864.

*To the officers and soldiers of the**Eighteenth Regiment, North Carolina Troops:*

COMRADES:—It were not possible to read the eloquently patriotic resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by you to-day, without emotions of pride and gratitude—of just pride that I have the honor to command such men—of well merited gratitude in the nation's behalf and mine, for this exhibition of high resolve and patriotic action at the time of the nation's greatest need.

Permit me to thank you for sending me a copy of the resolutions, and to pray God speed to you and our great cause.

Believe me, your friend,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brig.-General.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

37TH REGIMENT N. C. TROOPS,

February 10, 1864.

At a meeting of the 37th Regiment of North Carolina Troops, held this day, the following committee having been appointed to propose resolutions for the consideration of the meeting:

Captain Wm. T. Nicholson, Company E; Captain D. L. Hudson, Company G; Captain A. J. Critcher, Company B; Sergeant J. M. Black, Company A; Private Rufus Holdaway, Company A; Sergeant H. D. Hagaman, Company B; Private P. W. Turnmine, Company B; Sergeant J. W. Alexander, Company C; Private J. W. Barnett, Company C; Private K. M. Hasty, Company D; Private K. M. Dees, Company D; Sergeant Alfred Green, Company E; Private James C. Coffy, Company E; Sergeant R. M. Staley, Company F; Corporal J. C. Duncan, Company F; Corporal C. C. Pool, Company G; Private A. Campbell, Company G; Sergeant J. J. Ormand, Company H; Sergeant R. B. Tucker, Company H; Sergeant J. C. Flow, Company I; Private D. L. McCord, Company I; Private D. H. Douglas, Company K; Private S. V. Box, Company K.

Captain W. T. Nicholson, chairman of the committee, reported the following resolutions as recommended by all of the committee, except Sergeant J. W. Alexander, of Company C. He recommends none in lieu of them:

Resolved, That we are still determined that our country shall be a free and independent nation, notwithstanding the absurd proclama-

tions of Abraham Lincoln; and we do hereby pledge anew our property, our lives, and our honor and our all, never to submit to Abolition tyranny nor Yankee rule.

Resolved, That we originally enlisted as a regiment for twelve month because we believed that our country needed us in the field, and that we afterwards re-enlisted for two additional years of the war before the Conscript Bill had been introduced in Congress, because we thought she still needed us; and that now, actuated by the same belief, we tender to the Government of our country our services in the field for the war, unconditionally and without reserve.

Resolved, That we are perfectly satisfied with the present organization of our army, and have unlimited confidence in the skill, bravery and patriotism of our Generals.

Resolved, That while we endeavor to do our duty, we shall expect the authorities to do theirs; we shall expect them to see all deserters and skulkers from our ranks shot at the stake in disgrace. We shall expect them to allow us to visit our homes once every twelve months, at such times as the exigencies of the service will permit; and shall expect them to feed, clothe and shoe us, and not to allow worthless subordinates to make us suffer by their indolence.

Resolved, That we are ready to endure without a murmur all necessary hardships and privations which the good of the cause may demand.

Resolved, That we call confidently upon all good people at home to give us their sympathy and support, to send us food to sustain life and recruits to fill our wasted ranks.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Congress of the Confederate States, to the Secretary of War, through regular official channels, to His Excellency Governor Vance of North Carolina, and to the newspapers for publication.

The above resolutions were then submitted to the regiment and opportunity was allowed for a fair and free expression of opinion, when it was found that out of nearly 500 who were present, only about twenty were opposed to the resolutions.

The resolutions were accordingly declared adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

WM. M. BARBOUR,

Colonel Thirty-seventh N. C. T., President of Meeting.

The other two regiments of our brigade—the Seventh and Thirty-third North Carolina—were not volunteers. They were raised by the State and organized as *war regiments* from the *first*.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By J. WILLIAM JONES.

PAPER No. 6.

FROM PORT REPUBLIC TO THE CHICKAHOMINY.

I closed my last sketch with a brief statement of how "Jackson and his Foot Cavalry" were "caught" at Cross Keys and Port Republic. There is abundant proof that Jackson's plan was, after repulsing Fremont with Ewell's division, to concentrate on Shields early the next morning, crush him, and then return to make finishing work of Fremont. But there was unexpected delay in crossing the river on account of a defect in the bridge, and the attack was thus postponed to a much later hour than was intended. Besides this Shields made a most gallant fight; his position was a strong one, well selected and most stubbornly held, and Jackson was not able to fulfil his purpose as expressed to Colonel Patton, whom he left to confront Fremont on the other side of the river: "By the blessing of Providence I hope to be back by 10 o'clock."

It was after 10 o'clock before all of his troops had crossed the river. Jackson's first attacks were repulsed with heavy loss, and when Shields was finally driven from the field it was too late to go back after Fremont even if it had been deemed advisable to attack him again in the then exhausted condition of our troops.

Why Fremont stood idly by while Jackson was fighting Shields, and did not cross the river (as he could easily have done at several fords) and fall on Jackson's rear, has always been a mystery to us. In the afternoon he advanced into the open ground near the river, and as I gazed upon his long line of battle, his bright muskets gleaming in the rays of the sun, and his battle-flags rippling in the breeze, I thought it the finest military display I had ever seen, and only feared that he would cross the river. But there he stood an idle spectator of the raging battle, content to play no part in the drama, except to throw shot and shell at our ambulances and litter-bearers who were caring for the Federal wounded, and to shell the hospital into which we were gathering and ministering to the wounded of both armies.

Fremont retreated to Harrisonburg and thence down the valley, where he formed with Shields the juncture which they had so long coveted in vain, but which was now too late to be of value.

For five days Jackson rested his weary men in the beautiful valley

just above Port Republic where, on the Saturday following the battle, we were summoned by orders from headquarters to a most delightful thanksgiving service in which the stars and bars of rank knelt in the dust with the rough garb of the private soldier and our great chieftain brought the imperishable glory he had won and humbly laid it at the feet of the Lord of Hosts.

And surely the "Foot Cavalry" were now entitled to at least a few days' rest. In thirty two-days they had marched nearly 400 miles, skirmishing almost daily, fought five battles, defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed, captured about twenty pieces of artillery, some 4,000 prisoners and immense quantities of stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of less than 1,000 men killed, wounded and missing.

The battle of "Seven Pines," as the Confederates called it, or "Fair Oaks," as it is named by the Federals, had been fought and claimed as a victory by both sides; and the Army of Northern Virginia had been deprived of its able commander, General J. E. Johnston, who was severely wounded.

But fortunately for the Confederate cause General R. E. Lee was called to the command. Some time before, when Colonel A. R. Boteler had applied to him from Jackson for an increase of his force to 40,000 men, with which he "would invade the North," General Lee had replied: "But he must help me to drive these people away from Richmond first," and the plan of the great campaign was thus foreshadowed.

JACKSON'S SECRECY.

We were confident that we were to sweep down the Valley again, and the sending of some eight thousand troops from Richmond to reinforce Jackson deceived us as completely as it did the authorities at Washington. I remember to have heard General Ewell say just the day before we broke camp and started for Richmond: "Well, our reinforcements are coming up, and after a few days rest we shall march rapidly down the Valley again and beat up the enemy's quarters about Strausburg," and when some time afterwards I intimated to General Ewell's chief of staff that he had merely made that remark for effect, as he, of course, knew of the contemplated movement, that officer assured me that General Ewell (the second in command) had not the most remote idea of the contemplated move—that when he did move the only orders he received were to march in the direction of Charlotte-

ville—and that as a rule Jackson kept Ewell and the rest of his officers in profound ignorance of his plans and purposes.

General J. A. Walker has recently given me an amusing illustration of this. A few days after Ewell's division moved into Swift Run Gap to take the place of Jackson's troops, who were then marching on Milroy, Walker had occasion to call to see Ewell on important business, but found him in such a towering rage that he took the advice of a member of the staff and did not broach his errand to him. But as he was about to leave Ewell called him and abruptly asked: "Colonel Walker, did it ever occur to you that General Jackson is crazy?"

"I don't know, General," was the reply, "We used to call him 'Fool Tom Jackson' at the Virginia Military Institute, but I do not suppose that he is really crazy."

"I tell you sir," rejoined the irate veteran, "he is as crazy as a March hare. He has gone away, I don't know where, and left me here with instructions to stay until he returns. But Banks's whole army is advancing on me, and I have not the most remote idea where to communicate with General Jackson. I tell you, sir, he is crazy, and I will just march my division away from here. I do not mean to have it cut to pieces at the behest of a crazy man." And as Walker rode away he left Ewell pacing the yard of his quarters in no good humor at being thus left in ignorance of the whereabouts and plans of his chief.

Riding down to see General Elzey, who commanded the brigade, Colonel Walker found that officer in an exceedingly irritable frame of mind over an order he had received from General Ewell, and pretty soon he said: "I tell you sir, General Ewell is crazy, and I have a serious notion of marching my brigade back to Gordonsville." Just then one of the conscripts who had been recently assigned to the Thirteenth Virginia (Walker's regiment), bolted in with a paper in his hand and rushing up to General Elzey exclaimed:

"I want you, sir, to sign that paper at once, and give me my discharge. You have no right to keep me here, and I mean to go home."

As soon as General Elzey recovered from his astonishment at the fellow's impudence, he seized his pistols and discharged two shots at him as the man rushed out of sight. Coming back he exclaimed: "I should like to know, Colonel Walker what sort of men you keep over at that Thirteenth regiment? The idea of the rascal's demanding of me, a Brigadier-General, to sign a paper. Oh! if I could have only gotten hold of my pistols sooner."

"Well," replied Walker, "I don't know what to do myself. I was up to see General Ewell just now, and he said that General Jack-

son was crazy; I come down to see you, and you say that General Ewell is crazy; and I have not the slightest doubt that my conscript, who ran from you just now, will report it all over camp that General Elzey is crazy; so it seems I have fallen into evil hands, and I reckon the best thing for me to do is to turn the conscripts loose, and march the rest of my regiment back to Richmond." This put General Elzey in a good humor, and they had a hearty laugh over the events of Colonel Walker's visits to division and brigade headquarters.

I might as well give here several other illustrations that came under my personal observation, of how Jackson concealed his plans from even his higher officers. A short time before the battle of Slaughter's Mountain our division had been lying all day in the turnpike above Gordonsville, when General Ewell rode up to a friend of mine, with whom I was conversing at the time, and asked:

"Dr. —, can you tell me where we are going?"

"That question," was the reply, "I should like to ask you, General, if it were a proper one."

"I pledge you my word," said the General, "that I do not know whether we will march north, south, east or west, or whether we will march at all. General Jackson simply ordered me to have my division ready to move at early dawn. I have been ready ever since, but have had no further intimation of his plans. And that is about all I ever know of his designs."

On the march to Slaughter's Mountain I remember that I lingered at our camp, three miles above Gordonsville, until sundown, in order to ride in the cool of the evening with a brother chaplain and a sick friend (a gallant artillery officer whom we could not persuade to go to the hospital), and was thus in the rear of our whole column. At Liberty Mills we met a courier who inquired, "How far back is General A. P. Hill?" We replied: "He is not on this road at all; he moved in the direction of Orange Courthouse." "You certainly must be mistaken," he said in great surprise, "I have a very important dispatch for him from General Ewell, who told me that I would find him at the head of his division moving immediately in rear of his own." Upon our assuring him that we saw Hill's division break camp and file off on the road to Orange Courthouse, he said: "Well, I must hurry back and report to the General, for he is expecting an attack, and is relying on General Hill to support him." I learned afterward that General Jackson had made the impression on General Ewell that Hill would follow him closely by the same road, and that upon information (which proved

false) that the enemy was advancing, Ewell was preparing to give battle in the confident expectation of being supported by Hill.

In the autumn of '62, after the rest of the army had crossed the mountains, I was assured by one of our higher officers that our corps would certainly winter in the Valley—that he had gotten an intimation of this from General Jackson himself—and that he had ascertained that the General had rented a house for his family. We marched the next day for Eastern Virginia, and the glorious field of First Fredericksburg.

So completely did General Jackson conceal his plans from his staff and higher officers that it got to be a joke among them when one was green enough to attempt to fathom "Stonewall's ways." The men used to say, "Well, if the Yankees are as ignorant of the meaning of this move as we are 'old Jack' has them."

The movement from the Valley to Richmond was so secretly planned and executed that army, people, and enemy alike were completely deceived. The reinforcements sent to the Valley from Richmond were purposely sent in such a public manner as to have the report reach Washington as soon as possible, where it had the effect of inducing Mr. Lincoln to order General McDowell to delay his intended advance to McClellan's support, and caused the retreat down the Valley of all the forces opposed to Jackson. But the deception was rendered still more complete by a little *finesse* practiced by Colonel Munford, who held the Confederate advance with his cavalry.

A train of ambulances, with their escort, and a number of surgeons had come under flag of truce to Harrisonburg, to ask permission to carry back the Federal wounded, and while detaining them in a room adjoining his own quarters Colonel Munford received Mr. William Gilmer (a widely-known humorist, to whom he had given the cue), who came in with clanking spurs and sabre, and announced in a loud tone, "dispatches from General Jackson." At this the Federal officers stealthily approached the partition to hear what would follow. "Do you bring any good news?" asked the Colonel.

"Glorious news," he answered. "The road from Staunton is chock full of soldiers, cannon and wagons come to reinforce Jackson in his march down the Valley. There is General Whiting, General Hood, General Lawton, and General I-don't-know-who. I never saw so many soldiers and cannon together in my life. People say there are thirty thousand of them."

After a few more questions and answers of like import, framed for the benefit of the eavesdroppers, Colonel Munford dismissed his

"courier," and the whole town was soon agog with the "glorious news." Several hours afterwards Colonel Munford sent back his guests, who, of course, carried "the news" to headquarters. Colonel Munford pushed his advance down to New Market, and the Federal army immediately retreated to Strausburg, where they were busily engaged in fortifying against Jackson at the very time when "the foot cavalry" were thundering on McClellan's flank before Richmond.

Our march was so secretly undertaken and so secretly executed that our higher officers, as well as the men, were in profound ignorance of our destination.

At Charlottesville we expected to turn off through Green county to meet a rumored move of the enemy across the mountains. At Gordonsville I was told by the Presbyterian minister, at whose house Jackson made his headquarters, as a profound secret, not to be breathed, that we "would move at daybreak on Culpeper Courthouse." We moved instead on Louisa Courthouse, where again we were deceived into thinking that we should move across by Spottsylvania Courthouse to meet McDowell's column coming down from Fredericksburg. At Frederick's Hall, Beaver Dam depot, and Hanover Junction, we still expected to head towards Fredericksburg, and it was really not until the afternoon of June 26, when we heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, that we appreciated the true nature of the move we had made, and the bloody work before us.

It was on this march that Jackson met one of Hood's Texans straggling from his command, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Where are you going?"

"I do not know, sir," promptly responded the Texan.

"What command do you belong to?"

"I do not know, sir."

"What State are you from?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Well!" said the General a little impatiently, "what do you know?"

"Nothing at all, sir, on this march for old Stonewall says we must be know-nothings until after the next battle, and I am not going to disobey orders."

At Fredericks Hall, Jackson made his headquarters, by special invitation, at one of those hospitable old Virginia mansions which were so famous in their day. The lady of the house had prepared the next morning an elegant breakfast, and sent to call General Jackson to partake of it; but his room was vacant and no one knew whither he had

gone. He had risen at 1 o'clock A. M., and with a single courier, had started on a ride of fifty-one miles to Richmond to hold a conference with General Lee. He impressed several horses on the route—the owners growling loudly at being compelled to give up their horses to “that grum colonel, who looked as if he would not hesitate to shoot if necessary.”

Mr. Matthew Hope, who resided in the lower end of Louisa county, gave me a very amusing account of his interview with him. Galloping up to his house about 4 o'clock in the morning he aroused Mr. Hope, and asked if he had a good, fleet horse.

“Yes, sir!” was the reply, “I have the best horse in this region.”

“Well, then, bring him out quick, for I want him! I am a Confederate officer, traveling on important business. My own horse is broken down and I must have yours.”

“You shall do no such thing,” was the reply. “I do not keep horses for any straggler that may chance to come along.”

“But my business is urgent, and if you do not let me have the horse I shall be compelled to take him.”

“But what guarantee do you offer me that it is all right?” persisted Mr. Hope.

“None but my word, sir; but I have no time to argue the case, and you will please saddle the horse at once.”

“I shall certainly do no such a thing,” was the irate reply “I do not saddle horses for myself, and I shall not do it for you.”

But Jackson cut the matter short by dismounting, and with the assistance of his courier, saddled the fresh horse and galloped off with the promise that he would return him in a few days.

Mr. Hope says that when the horse came back “with General Jackson’s compliments,” his chagrin knew no bounds, as he would have esteemed it a privilege to let him have every horse he had, and to have saddled them for him, too.

Jackson rode into Richmond so quietly that no one knew of his presence; had his interview with General Lee; received all of the instructions necessary to enable him to carry out his part of the great battle which was to culminate in McClellan’s “change of base,” and galloped back to the head of his column before it was suspected that he had been absent at all.

And now we hurried forward to bivouac near Ashland, in the “slashes of Hanover,” and to march the next day to our position on the flank, while A. P. Hill led his splendid “Light Division” across the

Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge and opened the great battle by advancing on the enemy at Mechanicsville.

But of these battles, the part borne in them by the "Foot Cavalry" and the masterly retreat made by McClellan in his "change of base," I must speak in my next.

I have only been able to give in this an imperfect sketch of how we were transferred from the mountains to the Chickahominy.

Experiences of a Northern Man in the Confederate Army.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

[We have frequently expressed our desire to publish the experiences of intelligent private soldiers as well as of officers, and we are glad to present the following, which will be found of deep interest, and prove the beginning of others of historic value, as giving a private's views of men and things.]

There is, of course, no danger that the great political and military events connected with the war between the States of the American Union will be forgotten. History will forever keep alive the memory of these, but the little details and incidents, too trivial for the historian to recount, are liable to melt away gradually in the mists of time. Yet these trifles may be not without some importance, as they may tend to throw a faint light upon different phases of the great contest, and may, for this purpose, prove worthy of perusal. It is only on this ground that I venture to record some of my recollections of that momentous period.

I was merely a private in the Army of Northern Virginia, but as I was a Southerner neither by birth, blood, nor residence at the commencement of the war, my experiences may be in some respects exceptional. If you ask, kind reader, how it happened, that under such circumstances, I became a Confederate soldier, I answer you in this wise: I was born in a Northern State—was young and ardent. I had the good or evil fortune, as you may choose to consider it, of being a gentleman, and had fair prospects in life. My education had been completed—I was intended for the profession of law. Through my studies and my family surroundings I had imbibed the States-Rights view of the great Constitutional questions then agitating the public mind. This was not surprising, although such an opinion was at variance with the centralizing tendencies of the then dominant party at the North. States-Rights doctrines, in a more or less thorough form, were not at

that time uncommon in the North. The relations of the States under the United States Constitution were more generally regarded as Federal, than National; the words "Nation" and "National" were then not of general use, for the political ideas implied in the use of these terms were not generally current. In fact, from time to time, nearly every Northern State had shown its teeth, and growled about "reserved rights," when the shoe of Federal legislation threatened to pinch. Less than fifty years before this time the Hartford Convention had declared the right and intention of the New England States to secede from the Union, if the war of 1812, deemed by them detrimental to their commercial interests, was not terminated. The ink was not then long dry in the declaration penned by Horace Greeley, that the Southern States had the legal right to secede, and that the Northern States had no right to resist forcibly their secession. When, at present, such ridiculously inapplicable misnomers, as "disloyalty" and "treason," "rebels" and "traitors" are so freely applied by the popular voice to the adherents of the Confederate States, it is very difficult to realize that a few years ago States-Rights views were largely entertained throughout the Northern States. To understand this apparent contradiction it is only necessary to remember, that people are generally influenced in their opinions by what they believe at the time to be their interests, and that they now hold that their material interests are centered in the Union, whereas formerly they attached great importance to local government. *Ergo*, States-Rights doctrines are now at a discount, but that does not prove that they were not correct, or that one was wrong in entertaining them in 1861-1865. If, however, it be a true saying that "nothing is more successful than success," it is equally true that nothing is more unsuccessful than failure. The French have a proverb in which there is much pithy truth, which says "*les abseus ont toujours tort*;" from the result of the war we might learn to paraphrase this by saying "the unsuccessful are always in the wrong."

The war had been raging for about two years, a time of suffering and of carnage for the participants on both sides, but also a period replete with wretchedness for the Peace-party at the North. Their political world had entered upon a new and violent geological period; the earthquake of war, and the volcano of revolution were daily effecting sudden, vast, and startling changes. This Peace-party was essentially conservative in its nature, and comprised many of the best and purest men, as well as of the highest, intellectually and socially, in the country. These people believed that the South had a legal right to sustain their secession by force of arms against the aggression of the central Gov-

ernment of the other States. They conscientiously believed that the South was right, and that she was fighting for constitutional liberty against most dangerous revolutionists. Such being their convictions, the members of this party necessarily could not sympathize with the successes of the northern armies, nor deplore the victories of the southern troops. From this state of affairs arose very bitter personal and political animosities between the advocates of the prosecution of the war and the opposers of it. The result was frequent violent quarrels between near relatives, and the angry disruption of many life-long and hereditary friendships. Believing themselves right, only wishing to put a stop to bloodshed, and to preserve liberty and law for both sections, yet these people were constantly denounced by their opponents as traitors of the deepest dye, plotting with armed rebels for their country's ruin. As they had been after the commencement of the war in a minority, they were debarred politically from preferment, and their exertions in private pursuits were much handicapped by the ostracism of the greater number of their neighbors. Meantime battle succeeded to battle, usurpation to usurpation, an endless, hopeless night of misery seemed to envelope the entire land. Altogether the Peace-party had a wretched time of it; their only consolation being their conviction that they were right. Had it been a foreign war, their hearts would have been with their countrymen—right or wrong—for "blood is thicker than water;" but it was a civil war; the southern armies were composed of men of the same blood as themselves, worthy descendants of the grand liberty-loving, hard-fighting, Anglo-Saxon race. How then could they glory in their sufferings? And yet, for not doing so, they were stigmatized by the War-party as traitors.

To this Peace-party I belonged, enthusiastically, devotedly adhered. I clung to the hope that forcible opposition at home might eventually compel the Revolutionists at Washington to stop the wild orgy of war. I longed to draw my maiden sword on the soil of my native State, to do, or die for her dear sake, striking for civil liberty. Months passed by and weariness in waiting was well nigh succeeded by despair. Daily would friends meet, discuss the situation, and groan at their inability to effect any good. One large hotel was the chief rendezvous for meeting. Here at any hour of the day you could find acquaintances who would tell you the latest current news, and also in mysterious whispers impart the gossip from Dixie, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, or stories of mutual acquaintances, who were there.

At length the time came when the Government at Washington found the volunteer system (though supplemented by enormous bounty-

giving) no longer adequate to supply fresh food for gunpowder to her depleted legions, and she was compelled to resort to stringent conscription. This was believed by very many to be illegal and unconstitutional, and a disposition to forcibly resist the conscription was evinced in New York. Then, indeed, seemed to have dawned at last the day for action, and gladly was it welcomed. The people turned out in the streets in large numbers, overpowered guards, destroyed and burned conscription bureaus, threw up barricades, and hemmed in the police within their station-houses. Very soon, however, this movement degenerated into a mere riot; the mob took possession of the city; professional thieves thronged from neighboring cities for purposes of plunder; property and life were unprotected; anarchy reigned for several days. Finally order was restored by the military, after some loss of life. I soon saw that no good could come out of this movement and of course had no part in the misdeeds of the rioters; my mortification and disgust were only equalled by my disappointment.

The consequence of the enforcement of the conscription was, that I had to take my chances of being drafted into the Northern army, or of buying a substitute. The latter I was pecuniarily able to do, but there was, in my opinion, no difference morally in fighting in one's own person for an unjust and detested cause, or in sending a hireling to fight for you; no more difference morally than there would be between hiring an assassin to commit a murder for you and doing the deed yourself. At all events, that was the view which I took of it, and I determined neither to fight against my principles in person or by proxy. Hitherto I had been permitted by the government, at Washington, to remain neutral in action, and so long as such was the case, it might be my duty to remain at home, as thus I might, by some possibility, be able to be of use to my own State and my own people. But now the alternative was presented to me of either fighting for or against the principles which I held sacred; I choose the former. In making this decision, I believed I was right, and have never since seen reason to doubt it. I determined to leave at once for the Confederacy, turning my back on ambition as well as upon home, as the family influence, which might have pushed me along, was, of course, confined to the North. I was to go by British steamer from New York to Nassau, running the blockade from there into one of the Southern ports. To get across the military land-lines to the South at that time was an equally uncertain undertaking, and moreover, I wished to carry with me a good out-fit for the field. I had not been long in the Confederacy before I became aware that the bringing of an out-fit was not necessary, as one could procure

easily very good ones there, and at not very high prices either, if calculated in gold, though overwhelmingly high, if estimated in paper currency. Naturally, the little circle of my friends knew of my proposed journey, and much was the sympathy which I experienced from them. During my last evening before starting, so many of my friends dropped in to say good-bye and God-speed, that I had quite a little levee. Nearly every one presented me with some little gift supposed to be suitable for the out-fit of a cavalryman, which I intended to be, so that my trunk became quite a respectable sized arsenal. One had given me a sabre. It was so ponderous and formidable in appearance that we christened it in joke "*Durandal*," after the far-famed brand of the redoubtable *Taladin Roland*. The only mode of concealment, when going aboard ship, which I could think of for this unwieldy instrument of destruction, was to tie it up with an umbrella in a roll of army blankets, which was supposed to look to the uninitiated like an ordinary traveling-rug with umbrellas thrust into it innocently; but in point of fact, it did not look a bit so. Why the detectives, of whom there were several unmistakably peering around inquisitively on the wharf, did not bag me, I do not comprehend. I had been a Confederate soldier but a short time before I discovered that this much beloved "*Durandal*," the bringing of which with me from New York, had given me a world of trouble, was rather an "elephant" on my hands, the use of cold steel having been almost superseded by "villanious saltpetre," and that a sword could at any time be had for the asking.

Soon, however, in spite of my suspicious-looking luggage, I found myself aboard the good steamer "*Corsica*," safe from molestation, under the flag of Old England.

After leaving I hobnobbed a good deal with an Englishman, an ex-officer in the Horse-Guards, who had given up his commission for a time to enter the service of the Confederacy, whither he was now bound. A nice, plucky fellow he was, of gigantic, athletic build. He served the war out like a man, as I afterwards heard, and then returned to England, having gained no distinction for his trouble, but perfectly satisfied with his adventures nevertheless. I was told that he never complained of the hardships and privations of campaigning, but only grumbled at the difficulty of procuring mounts suitable to his unusual weight. My other fellow-travellers were bent on pleasure, or business; among them were no other recruits for the Southern army, so far as I knew.

After a short and pleasant voyage we arrived at Nassau. Before us lay the city of the blockade-runners floating on the surface of the still,

transparent sea, her dazzling white streets and houses glittering in the sunlight, as if rejoicing in her newly-acquired commercial importance. We found the place teeming with business and speculative excitement. Previous to and after the war it was an insignificant little town, situated on an unproductive island of very limited extent, but during the times of which I am speaking it was the point of arrival and departure for the blockade runners plying constantly between there and Wilmington, Charleston, and occasionally other southern ports. When within this neutral territory they were, of course, safe from molestation by the Federal cruisers. Here, too, arrived from Europe, and, to a limited extent, from the North also, *sub rosa*, supplies intended for the Confederacy, and from here was shipped in return to Europe the much-coveted cotton which had been run successfully through the blockade. It may readily be imagined that the profits of this trade were enormous. The speculators never lost sight of the cardinal principle of their occupation, to buy cheap and to sell dear, so that a few successful ventures often made them a fortune. The consequence was the place had awoke from its siesta of life-long quietude to find itself famous; not being born great it had had "greatness thrust upon it" for a time. At once, on arriving in the harbor, you felt that you were among friends; everyone was "secesh," and glad to welcome you—not the least enthusiastic in this respect being the negroes, who were fully alive to the advantages of the commercial "boom" that had burst in their midst. It was another illustration that what is one's loss is another's gain; the residents of the Island, some refugees from the South, and adventurers of all nationalities (not excepting the inevitable, omnipresent New Englander), were making money fast out of the pressing necessities of the blockaded combatant, who was heroically grappling with his gigantic enemy in a death-struggle. No wonder that they were glad to see one; that they expressed such ardent, devoted affection for the South; that they were ever ready to drink deep at one's expense the good health of the Confederacy; that they were longing to do anything in the world for you—for a *valuable consideration*; we were their bonanza—their gold-mine.

I had been provided with a letter of introduction, and credit by a New York house on the principal firm in the place. These I presented and requested assistance in procuring a passage by the first blockade-runner for the South. This they arranged for me by a steamer to leave two days afterwards. I was informed that the usual fare charged for the trip was \$300 in gold, but the price was fixed for me at \$100 in gold, because I was going as a recruit to the Confederate army. As the pre-

mium on gold in the Confederacy at that time was fifteen to eighteen for one, this sum amounted to \$1,500 to \$1,800, and being a *quasi* export duty on food for gunpowder, struck me as an excessive charge to be made by such kindly disposed, unselfish people. My fellow passenger by the "Corsica," the English cavalryman, arranged to go by this same blockade runner; they charged him too the same export duty on himself of \$100 in gold in the shape of passage money. We afterwards learnt that our captain was greatly disgusted at the small amount of fare received from us, as the larger portion of the passage money, it seems, was his perquisite.

In due course we embarked on our steamer for the short voyage to Wilmington. A trial trip of about an hour's duration was made round the delicately blue transparent waters of the harbor; caution being observed of course to keep well within the marine league from shore—the limit of England's jurisdiction—in the meantime the passengers and some invited friends of the captain or agents were being regaled with ale and champagne, of very inferior quality, in which was drunk success to the expedition. This was done to test machinery and to make sure that everything was in perfect order. This was a very sensible precaution, for the Federal cruisers might be met at any moment lurking in the offing, and then it was a race to escape—the blockade runners being merchantmen entirely without armament. Our vessel was painted of a bluish-white color to make her less likely to be seen at sea, especially at night, but other than this I could perceive no attempt at concealment. Our trial trip ended, we put to sea in a very matter-of-fact manner—no hostile cruisers being visible—so we were disappointed of the excitement of a chase. Indeed, during the entire voyage only one vessel was sighted at sea; she was quite distant, and we did not have the impoliteness to approach any nearer to ask inquisitively about her nationality.

It was intended to reach Wilmington Bar somewhat after midnight, when the moon would be up. This surprised me, as I thought a dark night would have been preferred for making the attempt to run past the Blockading Fleet. It seems, however, that it was considered the lesser of two evils to run the risk of being seen and chased, rather than to take the certain danger of being wrecked, when running in with insufficient light. After a favorable voyage we reached the desired point off Wilmington at the proper time. A brief stoppage was made, when soon the final preparations were completed for running the gauntlet of the Federal Blockaders, who would become visible shortly, as we approached nearer shore. All the lights in the steamer were extinguished,

and all passengers were ordered below, only officers and crew being permitted on deck. The furnaces were replenished with carefully selected coal, which would give the greatest amount of heat, and make the least possible smoke. The last orders were given; every man was at his appointed place. Presently the boilers hissed, and the paddlewheels began to revolve faster and faster, as the fleet little steamer rose higher and higher in the water from the immense force of the rapid strokes; she actually felt like a horse gathering himself up under you for a great leap. After a little while the few faint sounds from the deck, which we could hitherto faintly catch in the cabin, ceased altogether, and there was the stillness of death, except for the sounds necessarily made by the movements of the machinery. Then we realized that we were running for our lives past the line of cruisers, and that at any moment a big shell might come crashing through our cabin, disagreeably lighting up the darkness in which we were sitting.

Our suspense was prolonged for some minutes longer, when speed was slackened, and finally we stopped altogether. Even then we did not know whether we were safely through the lines, or whether we had been brought-to under the guns of a hostile ship, for we could distinguish nothing whatever through the port-holes. However, we were soon released from the cabin, and walked out on deck to find ourselves safely through the blockade. In the offing could be descried several of the now harmless blockaders, and near at hand lay the coast of North Carolina. Soon the gray of dawn was succeeded by a brilliant, lovely sunrise, which lighted up cheerfully the low-lying shores and earthworks bristling with artillery, whilst from a fort near by floated the Southern Cross, the symbol of the glorious cause for which we had come to fight. Then we felt, with a thrill of joy, that we were at length within the Confederacy and would soon be launched amid stirring adventures. I say *we*, but of the passengers the only one besides myself to whom the term was applicable was the quondam Horse-Guardsman, for the rest were business people, seeking no "adventures" except in a commercial sense. At Wilmington we found the moral atmosphere a very great improvement upon that of Nassau, where we had left behind us most of the sordid *canaille* of commerce. The military element was here predominant, and the surroundings partook of the dignity of actual war. Still, the first sight of the Confederate arms as witnessed at Wilmington, was tame in sensations as compared with the deep impressions produced in him, who saw for the first time the Army of Northern Virginia. Composed of the flower of every Southern State, crowned with the glory of numberless victories achieved

against fearful odds, her honor untarnished by a single disgraceful reverse, this army was indeed worthy of her pre-eminent Chieftain, and no higher praise than this is possible. Cold must have been the heart of that man, and dead must he have been to every exalted sentiment, who could gaze for the first time on the veteran columns, the dear grey-jacketed ranks, of the Army of Northern Virginia, without feeling his soul expand with enthusiasm.

We were anxious to get to the front, so after waiting a few hours for a train at Wilmington, my English acquaintance and I had to part. He went direct to Richmond, where he had letters of introduction. I journeyed into the interior to consult an old family friend as to the best place at which "to pitch into the fight." Arrived at his house, I met the warmest of welcomes only tempered by kindly anxiety on my account, and grave regrets for the excellent prospect of my being speedily knocked on the head. On my first reaching his residence, my friend was not at home, but came in a few minutes afterwards. He had been drilling in a company formed for State defence, intended for local purposes. As his age was over seventy, I admired him in more senses than one.

Shortly after my arrival dinner was announced. I then experienced something of

"The stern joy which warriors feel
For foeman worthy of their steel."

For my appetite, unhappily usually one of the best I have ever met with, was then stimulated to great hunger by long fasting. But with the joyful thought of dinner flashed across my mind, the accounts, which we were constantly reading in the Northern newspapers of the great scarcity of food in the South. According to these, not only were the armies in the field destitute almost always of rations, but throughout the country, even in rural districts, far remote from military posts, the people everywhere were starving. To a great extent, I credited these statements. I therefore thought it would be brutally inconsiderate in me to allow myself to consume more than a very moderate portion from my friend's larder; I felt that that even was almost unfair. I determined to do my plain duty by comparative abstinence, but I could not cease regretting the sacrifice even in the charming society of the ladies of the household. Of all feasts, the Barmecide style was the only kind I did not fancy: however, I comforted myself as far as possible by reflecting that it was well for me to have a good deal of practice in fasting to prepare myself for the field.

We sat down to table to a meal rather moderate in quantity, and I

refrained with Spartan fortitude from indulging my desire to eat ravenously. Presently, however, other courses followed, and I found that a plentiful supply of good plain food was around me. You will readily believe that I then quickly changed my tactics and adopted those of the thrifty soldier, Dugald Dalgetty, who victualed himself on suitable occasions to last for a campaign. After this dinner I was not slow in discovering that the newspapers had, as usual, grossly exaggerated and falsified in their accounts of the food-scarcity at the South. Among forces in the field, among persons living in districts, which had been overrun by the armies, and among refugees from homes occupied by the enemy, there were frequently distressing privations, but elsewhere throughout the country there was not, as a rule, an insufficient supply of plain food, say of the homely but sustaining "hog and hominy."

Notes and Queries.

"MANUFACTURING HISTORY." WHO RUNS THE MACHINE?

We clip the following from the *Army and Navy Journal* in order that our readers may see the style, and "historic calmness" with which grave historic questions are being treated by those who charge the Southern Historical Society with being engaged in a "literary conspiracy," which has "turned it into something like a bureau for the falsification of history":

"Jefferson Davis, by his ponderous special pleading in favor of secession in his recently published volumes, has challenged anew the spirit of criticism upon the Southern political leaders which was set at rest for a time by the general disposition to cultivate good fellowship with our erring sisters whom we loved too well to suffer them to depart in peace. Among the rejoinders to Davis's work one appears in the *Atlantic* for September and one in the *North American Review*. In the latter, the writer, Rossiter Johnson, refers to the fact that in the case of every insurrection against slavery—like Nat Turner's and John Brown's—the insurgents suffered the extreme penalty of the law, while in all others, like Shay's rebellion, Fries's, and the whiskey war, they were either pardoned outright or only very mildly punished. He also says sarcastically:

"The atrocities of Andersonville were explained into nothingness long ago. The boys in blue lay on flowery beds of ease within that spacious and airy stockade, listening dreamily to the purl of the crystal brook that babbled at their feet, while the boys in gray at Elmira were suffering the tortures of the Inquisition. Lee, who never won an offensive battle, was the great general of the war. Grant was a blunderer—always blundering into success. General Sherman set fire to Columbia with his own hands, foolishly applying the torch before he had had any opportunity for plunder, while General Early burned his fingers in efforts to put out the fire at Chambersburg. General Butler stole all the silver spoons in New Orleans, but General Floyd was as honest as the day is long."

"He vigorously protests against what he characterizes as a sort of literary conspiracy on the part of Southern writers 'to glorify the achievement which they didn't achieve, to change the apparent motive of the war, to magnify the genius of the rebel generals, and belittle their conquerors—an endeavor to write into respectability the meanest of causes, and invest with a glamor of heroism the most inexcusable of crimes.' 'This disposition,' he says, 'first showed itself in the careful substitution of the term 'civil war' instead of 'rebellion,' uniformly adopted by many standard publications to avoid offending any of their readers. It is true that it was a civil war, and we might generalize still more of its character out of sight by using the invention of a celebrated satirist, and calling it an 'onpleasantnis.' Specifically, it was a rebellion and nothing else. It never rose to the character of a revolution, for it never had possession of the capital or the public archives, never stopped the wheels of the Government for a single day, was suppressed in the end, and attained none of its objects. It is always good rhetoric, and generally good policy to call things by the most specific name they will bear. Then came careful corrections of figures. The Confederate General So-and-so only had so many men at such a battle, instead of the larger number he has always been credited with, and only lost so many, while his Federal antagonist had three times the number, and lost two and a half times as many as the records of the War Department say he did. Then, by some ingenious course of reasoning, a battle that has been scored as a victory for the national troops is shown to have been a sort of quiet triumph for the rebels. And this goes on till the reader wonders what became of all the men who were raked into the Confederate service by the wholesale conscriptions, and why the 'cause,' that won such a succession of victories was not finally successful. This literary conspiracy—which appears to have taken possession of the Historical Society at Richmond, and turned it into something like a bureau for the falsification of history—has culminated in the publication by Jefferson Davis of two large volumes, intended to set forth what he and his Confederacy tried to do for the cause of liberty, and how it happened that the powers of despotism defeated his beneficent plans.'"

Now we do not care to reply to these "glittering generalities." When Mr. Rossiter Johnson (we are not informed what part *he* took in "crushing the rebellion"), or any one else, points out any particular in which we have been guilty of a "falsification of history," we promise to confess our error, and do all in our power to correct it. But, to be frank, we confess that we should be slow to accept the guidance of a man who shows such profound ignorance as to say that Lee "never won an offensive battle," [we wonder what he calls "Seven Days" around Richmond, Second Manassas, Chancellorsville, the first days in the Wilderness, Reams's Station, etc.?], and who shows a spirit that would revive the fabrications with which Northern writers flooded the world during and just after the war, and would remand the chief "Rebels" to prison, or the hangman.

GENERAL SHERMAN "MANUFACTURING HISTORY."

We carefully preserved General Sherman's speech before the "Army of the Potomac," and although his new version of the "burning of Columbia" has been fully refuted by articles we had previously published [see vol. VII, pp. 156, 185 and 249, and vol. VIII, p. 202], we purpose, at an early day, to take up the question again and to show not only that General Sherman, in his several accounts, palpably contradicts

himself, but that he is guilty of an unmistakable "falsification of history." But meantime we will give him the benefit of the following characteristic letter:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14, 1881.

"CAPT. T. H. LEE:

"*My Dear Friend*,—I have your ardent and enthusiastic letter, of June 13, and am glad you were pleased at my speech at the meeting last week of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Hartford, Conn. I believe we have conquered the rebellion, and made possible the grand developments our country is already experiencing; and I believe we ought to write its history, and not allow those who surrendered to write their old worn-out theories and impose them on strangers as a truthful account of what they could not help. We must speak and write, else Europe will be left to infer that we conquered not by courage, skill and patriotic devotion, but by brute force and by cruelty. The reverse was the fact. The rebels were notoriously more cruel than our men. We never could work up our men to the terrible earnestness of the Southern forces. Their murdering of Union fugitives, burning of Lawrence, Chambersburg, Paducah, etc., were all right in their eyes; and if we burned an old cotton gin or shed it was barbarism. I am tired of such perversion, and will resist it always.

Truly your friend,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

The "rebels more cruel" than Sherman's men! They burnt towns and General Sherman only "an old cotton gin" occasionally!! And this to prevent "rebels" from succeeding in their "literary conspiracy" to "manufacture history"!!! Will the reader please recall Esop's fable of the lamb who muddied the stream so the wolf could not drink? Or better still will he please read Sherman's Memoirs, Nichol's "Great March to the Sea," or the newspapers of that day. Since this question of the "Conduct of the War" has been revived we propose to take it up and ventilate it, when some choice extracts from General Sherman's orders will show the sincerity of his present utterances.

Riding through South Carolina several years ago in company with a distinguished Confederate General he pointed to the chimneys of burnt houses and called them "Sherman's sentinels left to guard the scenes of his vandalism," and alluding to his attempt to shirk the responsibility of burning Columbia, he said: "If I had burned nineteen towns (as Sherman confesses he did) I should not care a straw if they did charge, or prove, I had burned the twentieth."

But, perhaps, the explanation of General Sherman's anxiety is to be found in a letter we have recently received from another gentleman of world-wide reputation who says: "Sherman's recent attempts to relieve himself of the odium of the burning of Columbia, furnish the best evidence of returning virtue I have seen in the man."

WHAT CONFEDERATE BATTERY FIRED THE LAST GUN AT APPOMATTOX C. H.?

A correspondent having given this honor to the battery then commanded by the gallant Major Jas. D. Cumming, of North Carolina, he wrote at once the following manly disclaimer:

NEW YORK, April 5th, 1881.

Editor Review.:—In your issue of 31st ult. I note a communication signed "Con-

federate," which unjustly claims for my old battery the distinguished honor of firing the last shot in the army of Northern Virginia.

Your correspondent is mistaken. This honor has never been claimed by myself or any member of the battery as far as I know, and I think it an act of justice to correct any such impression. While the old battery was more than once named in "general orders" and frequently complimented by Generals Beauregard, Hoke, Pettigrew and others, and I feel proud of its record, I cannot claim for myself what is due some other gallant commander.

Respectfully,

JAS. D. CUMMING.

But the following from our gallant friend, Major Parker, seems to show that the honor really belonged to "*Johnson's Battery*" of Richmond:

* * * * *

The "last artillery shot" was not fired by a battery "stationed in the yard of Mr. Peers," but by a Richmond battery known as "Johnson's Battery," and once commanded by the late Major Marmaduke Johnson, of this city. On the occasion referred to this battery was commanded by our popular sheriff, Captain John W. Wright. While waiting for orders to advance with my artillery on the morning of the 9th of April, Lieutenant James Grattan, also of this city, and who was at that time acting as adjutant to my battalion, returned from the front, and, with his eyes full of tears, said: "Major, the army cannot advance; can't you open the way with your artillery." We had not been able to haul enough ammunition from the lines near Petersburg for one hour's active firing, and for six days neither man nor horse had received a single ration from the quartermaster, yet, if anything was to be attempted, here seemed to be the occasion. Riding forward to select a position for the artillery, we had gone but a short distance when, to our surprise and mortification, we found ourselves in the presence of Generals Gordon and Custar, surrounded by a large staff. A glance told the story. The firing was still going on, especially on the left. So soon as recognized by General Gordon, I was ordered to cause the firing to cease. I directed Adjutant Grattan to go to the right while I went to the left, and ascending a hill found "Johnson's Battery," commanded, as before stated, by Captain Wright, actively engaged, and when the order was given to "cease firing" the question came from many anxious, trembling lips, "What for? What's the matter?" The reply sent a pang of anguish to every heart too deep for utterance. With the last deep-toned and defiant sound sent forth by this brave Richmond battery, the great heart of the noble Army of Northern Virginia had ceased to beat forever; and then there "was stillness as of death."

* * * * *

Richmond, Va.

WM. W. PARKER,
Late Major of Artillery, C. S. A.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY OF THESE NUMBERS AND THEIR COMBINATION UNDER ONE COVER will be excused by our subscribers when we tell them that it has resulted from the absence of the Secretary from his office and other causes beyond our control. This may happen again, but as we do not issue a newspaper, or Magazine of "serial" stories, we are sure it does not incommode our readers.

Rev. Dr. J. B. HAWTHORNE, of Richmond, kindly delivered in August, at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the Rockbridge Alum Springs, Blue Ridge Springs, and the Montgomery White Sulphur, for the benefit of the Society, his famous lecture on "Eloquent Oratory," which theme was most happily illustrated in the distinguished speaker himself.

Hon. J. Randolph Tucker also did us the kindness to deliver, in the same interest, at the Rockbridge Alum, his superb lecture on "*Virginia*." We acknowledge, with thanks, the courtesy of the proprietors of the Springs named, and also of the Alleghany Springs, where we were to have had a lecture. And we especially return thanks to the distinguished gentlemen who favored us with their lectures.

THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY has been showing of late an enterprise and zeal worthy of all commendation. Their list of members has been rapidly increasing, contributions to their valuable collection are coming in rapidly from every quarter, and Mr. W. W. Corcoran, with characteristic liberality, has purchased for them the famous "Dinwiddie papers."

And we especially congratulate the Society on securing the whole time of their able and accomplished Secretary, Mr. R. A. Brock.

BETHEL CLASSICAL AND MILITARY ACADEMY, of which our accomplished and gallant friend, Major A. G. Smith, is principal, should commend itself not only because it is, in every respect, a first-class school, but because its superintendent and teachers were true Confederate soldiers and our sons who go there will not be made ashamed that their fathers "wore the gray."—(See advertisement).

THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY—A STATEMENT AND AN APPEAL.

This Society which was organized in New Orleans, in 1869, and reorganized at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs in August, 1873, has been doing a most important work in collecting, publishing, and preserving invaluable material for the future historian. Already its collection contains well-nigh everything necessary to a true history of the late war, and much that pertains to the Colonial, Revolutionary, and Civil history of the country, and especially of the South.

But the Executive Committee are exceedingly anxious to continue their work on an enlarged scale, and to prosecute yet more vigorously the great objects of the Society. Without the means of purchasing a book, or paying for a manuscript, the

Society has obtained by the voluntary contributions of its friends, a collection which has a very large pecuniary value, but which is beyond price in *real historic value*.

The time has come, however, when we *must* have a larger income to meet the necessary expense of carrying on our work, and the committee have ordered a special effort to be made to raise by the 1st of November at least \$2,000, to meet a pressing need, and also a fund for *permanent endowment*, which shall be safely invested and only the interest used for the annual wants of the Society.

We do not propose to make a *general* appeal to the masses of our people, but have selected a number of gentlemen whom we regard as both able and willing to help us, and to whom we shall send this statement and make a personal application.

Our friends can help us in one or more of the following ways :

1. Make us a contribution, large or small, to our *permanent endowment fund*. We really do not know how better some one of large means could invest money for coming years and hand his name down to posterity as a public benefactor than by linking it with this effort to preserve the history of our people. We know of no better investment for even a small amount. We have already the promise of \$2,500 on condition that we raise as much as \$10,000, and surely we shall be able to meet this condition.

2. Make us a contribution towards raising the fund of \$2,000 by the 1st of November. Can we not find enough friends who will give \$100, \$50, \$20, \$10, or less, to complete this fund at once? If you can send only \$1, please send that.

3. Become a *Life Member* of the Society, which you can do by paying the sum of \$50, and which will entitle you to all future publications of the Society without additional fee. *To any one sending the fee before the 1st of November we will also send a set of back numbers.*

4. Buy the back volumes of SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, a set of which up to January, 1881, we can furnish for \$13.50 unbound.

5. Send us a list of names of those who would be likely to help us in any of the above ways.

We beg your early attention and prompt response to this appeal.

By order of the Executive Committee,

D. H. MAURY, *Chairman.*

J. Wm. Jones, *Secretary.*

N. B.—The following gentlemen compose the officers and Executive Committee of the Society :

President of Parent Society—General J. A. Early, of Virginia; *Vice-President*—Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; *Secretary and Treasurer*—Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, Richmond, Va.

Executive Committee—General D. H. Maury, chairman; Colonel Archer Anderson, Major Robt Stiles, Colonel George W. Munford, Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel R. L. Maury, Captain A. M. Keiley, Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, Rev. Dr. A. W. Weddell, Major C. S. Stringfellow, and Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, of Richmond; Colonel Walter H. Taylor and Captain Theo. S. Garnett, of Norfolk; Colonel Thomas H. Carter, of King William county, Va.; Colonel R. E. Withers, of Wytheville; Colonel William Preston Johnston, of Baton Rouge, La.; Colonel R. H. Dulaney, of Loudoun county, Va.; General Eppa Hunton and General William H. Payne, of Warrenton, Va.; and General G. W. C. Lee, of Lexington, Va.

Vice-Presidents of States—General I. R. Trimble, Maryland; Governor Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina; General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina; General A. H. Colquitt, of Georgia; General E. W. Pettus, of Alabama; Colonel W. Call, of Florida; General Wm. T. Martin, of Mississippi; Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., of Louisiana; Colonel T. M. Jack, of Texas; Hon. A. H. Garland, of Arkansas; Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee; General J. S. Marmaduke, of Missouri; General Wm. Preston, of Kentucky; and W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of District of Columbia.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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We can only say now that we have read the book with deep interest and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the ablest, fairest and most valuable books which we have seen. Colonel Dodge has carefully studied the official reports, &c., on both sides, has evidently tried to be fair and accurate, and has written in a spirit of candor and painstaking search after the truth, worthy of all praise. While not accepting *all* of his statements or conclusions, we congratulate him on writing a model history, and the Society on making a really valuable contribution to the history of the war. We advise our friends to send \$3 to J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, and secure a copy of this superb book.

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